The Bystander, January 21, 1914.—No. 529. Vol. XLI.

Politics, Society, & the Drama.

Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
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Art, Literature, & Sport.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

PEERESS AND AUTHOR TOO

The latest photograph of the Countess of Cromartie, whose new romance, "The Decoy," has been published recently by Erskine Macdonald. The Countess is author of "The End of the Song," "The Golden Guard," etc., etc. She is a Peeress in her own right, and married, in 1899, Major Edward Walter Blunt-Mackenzie, D.L.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

On Various Topics of the Day

Critics of Royalty

I hear that considerable annoyance has been caused to Their Majesties—who go on to Windsor to-day from Sandringham—by some more than outspoken criticisms of themselves which have been published recently in certain quarters, and also by the generally good-humoured, but not entirely respectful, comment which centred round the umbrella incident at Norwich last week, when the Queen's reluctance to part with this most useful, but somehow mirth-provoking, implement, very nearly caused quite a little *contretemps*. It has even been suggested that the umbrella must be a swordstick in disguise, for the impalement of possible assassins.

***

The Other Side

It is very regrettable that anything in the way of unfounded gossip should be circulated, on the assumption, presumably, that the public interest in the smallest details regarding Royalty is so keen that it will be eagerly devoured. On the other hand, there is almost as much to be said against the blind sycophancy which still prevails in other directions. The mere announcement, for instance, that the King and Queen *hoped* to visit a certain music-hall some months ahead set a number of writers in the Press falling over themselves in ecstasy over the condescension and in conjectural anticipation of a function still quite "in the air."

***

Duchesses Like Cooks

In the real, not the newspaper, world there is a strong reaction against this sort of thing. The British public is thoroughly loyal to King George and Queen Mary, because it feels them to be worthy of its loyalty. But in the modern social rearrangement rank *qua* rank, grows less and less the thing of outstanding importance; the old traditions of "society" are deposed; the "season" is a dead letter. Brains and enterprise are recognised, but no one is accepted *ex officio*. Even duchesses no longer count when they talk, look, and think like cooks.

***

Airmen's Conquests

Airmen are, of course, very prominent in the new scheme of things, and no smart house-party is now complete without one or more—though one only is, perhaps, the wiser choice, in view of the whispers of rather acute rivalry. Lady Eileen Knox, the younger daughter of Lord Ranfurly, is one of the keenest "society" flyers of the moment, and was out only last week at Hendon with Mr. Grahame-White. She has also been up with Mr. Gustav Hamel, who was one of her fellow-guests in Lord Sandwich's house-party recently, and was staying with Lord and Lady Desborough last week. Mr. Hamel is very young, and, I believe, still unmarried.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR AGAIN

Their Royal Highnesses at the opening ceremony of the new building of the National Hospital for Diseases of the Heart, Soho Square. Need we say that Prince and Princess Arthur look as happy as so serious and perennial a function will permit?

***

The American—Peril?

I don't believe in the danger of the Americanisation of England, of which some people appear to be so terrified. (The prospect certainly seems to arouse terror. I wonder why?) Some American ladies with brains as well as money have a hand in running London's social affairs, and some American producers with, presumably, money behind them, have a hand in running some of the theatres. But both have gained what success they have through skill in acclimatisation. Raw Americanism is admired over here with a distant admiration, and generally takes an early boat back. So perhaps it is really the Anglicisation of America, after all.

***

Surely?

A plan is now announced, by the way, for an international exchange of playwrights between England and America. It is not so alarming as it sounds. The idea is only for English dramatists to write plays on American life, and *vice versa*. The question of where the results are to be staged seems to be undecided, and it leaves room for an interesting choice. On the whole, I think the writer's own country should have the advantage of seeing his play. One would very much like to see what Sir James Barrie, for instance, would make of the materials which, as handled by native dramatists, produce on London audiences a feeling of mystification about the inner meaning of it all. There *must* be some hidden significance somewhere, surely, about American life as we see it portrayed in American plays on our stage?

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Photograph] THE LATE MR. C. P. LITTLE [*Topical*

Well-known in Society as the leading reporter of its comings and goings, whose death from appendicitis took place at the week end. Our photograph shows Mr. Little in one of the many fancy dress make-ups at which he excelled. He was rarely, if ever, absent from such functions, in which he was a moving spirit

Mr. Asquith's Secret

What makes all this clucking and flapping of wings about Winston and the Chancellor a trifle absurd is the fact, which I happen to know on the best authority, that the egg is already officially stamped—in other words, the Chancellor *passed and signed the Naval Estimates* before he went on his Algerian trip!

* * *

The Way Out

To this let me add that—in a gambling spirit acquired in the process of editing THE BYSTANDER at Monte Carlo—I am putting a small piece of money on the chances of a General Election this Spring, the issue at which will be —— the Reform of the House of Lords. The Government wants to "get out" without messing itself up over either Ulster or the Navy, and "Down With the Rest of the Lords" will do quite well, won't it? Watch and see whether I'm right.

* * *

Here and There

South Africa has followed Belgium and Sweden in showing that a resolute Government and capable citizens can quell the most general General Strike ever yet imagined by a Syndicalist. I wish we could feel certain that in a similar situation our own people would act as energetically and as successfully as General Botha. Somehow the thought of Mr. McKenna (or even his Conservative counterpart), faced with such a problem fills me with no confidence. Still, let us be fair. South Africa has not our sentimental Press to deal with. Think of the *Daily News* or the *Daily Citizen* were, say, Unity House placed in the same position as the Trades Hall of Johannesburg!

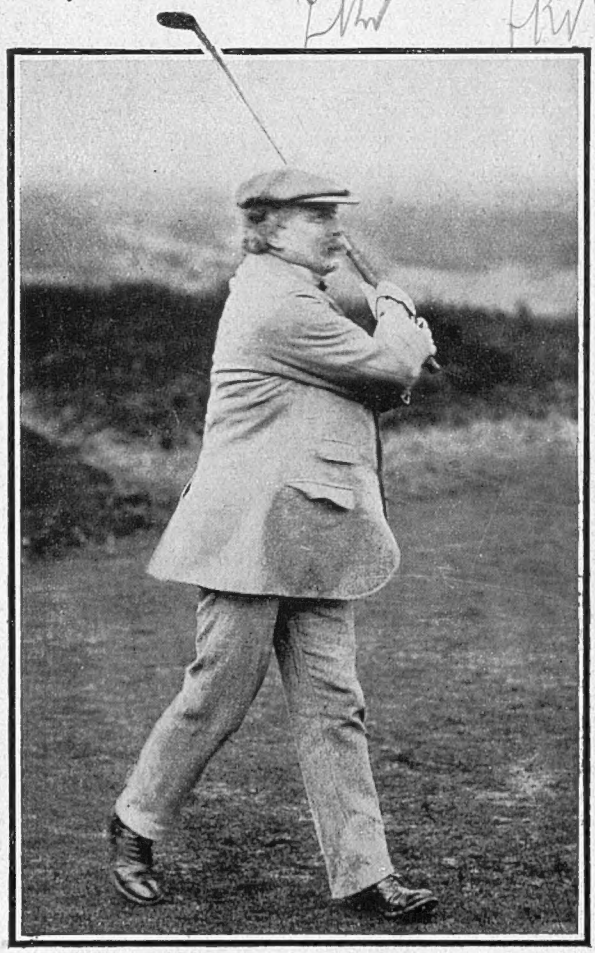
The Lost Submarine

In connection with the disaster to the Submarine A7, the best we can do is to draw attention to this week's article in "The Navy from Within" series, p. 163. Written, naturally, before the news of the tragedy, it throws a lurid light on the character and conditions of service of *real* heroes such as these men, who risk their lives daily, without either the desire or the opportunity for newspaper advertisement until Death acts as Press agent.

* * *

The End of a Fiasco

The Olympic Games Fund fiasco is now over. Having collected £6,000 actually and £5,000 conditionally—whatever that may mean—the Duke of Westminster's special committee has at last had the grace to put an end to its weary existence. Nobody wanted the fund, not even the athletic clubs themselves. Indeed, I doubt whether many people want the Games at all. The world is grown too large to hope to restore Greek conditions with any measure of success. To the average person all the Olympic Games stand for is national pot-hunting and national jealousy. By-the-bye, lest we should be accused of decadence, it is interesting to note that Germany's efforts to raise money for the same purpose are enjoying just as little success as our own. Can it be that Europe is threatened with a wave of sanity at last?



PUTTING ON WEIGHT—PHYSICALLY

It is interesting to note from this, a fifty-first birthday "snap" of the Chancellor, that however much he may be losing weight politically, he is apparently gaining it corporeally. He will need more leisure for more golf, and everybody wishes him as much as possible!

Great Attractions

(BUT THEN, YOU KNOW, WHEN ONE HAS BEEN BEHIND THE SCENES——)

BY E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

Denials

Among recent arrivals at Mürren is that rich, young, and well-protected *parti*, Sir Edward Naylor-Leyland, whose matrimonial prospects are a source of as much anxiety to a careful American mother as if he were a young heiress in her teens. Only a week or so ago an authorised denial was published—from what source was not stated—of his reported engagement to Lady Kathleen Hastings, the eldest daughter of Lord Huntingdon. Lady Kathleen, by the way, is a bit of a playwright in an amateur way, and another denial was lately issued—source also unknown—of the statement that a play by her had been accepted by Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

***

Unseasonable

As usual, the cold spell found us quite unprepared for anything of the sort, and the fact of its arriving in the period of the year known as "winter," when we had most of us put away our thick overcoats against next July, was certainly some excuse for being taken by surprise. All the same, one should take it as a lesson to beware another time. The seasons are becoming very treacherous nowadays. Frankly, when frost and keen winds come on, life is miserable in England for all but the very young. We can't understand extremes, either in temperature or temperament.

MISS LILY ELSIE

(Mrs. Ian Bullough) who has been once again reported to be about to desert country life for the footlights. The rumour is now, of course, denied, prior to being once again repeated. We do not mind, as, however she is dressed, Mrs. Bullough always makes a pretty picture. So lie on, Jade Rumour, lie on!

***

Swiss Optimists

Curiously enough, just while we were groaning under icy blasts, Switzerland was lamenting thaw and rain and lack of snow. Possibly that was some spiteful and fleeting compensation for those left at home. You may be sure the weather is really pretty bad in Switzerland when the public gets to hear of it in England. The reports of temperature and so on are mostly sent out by hotel proprietors and others interested in the resorts, who are a most delightfully optimistic set of persons, firmly convinced, whatever happens, that "the season is at its height," that there is "snow in abundance," and that "splendid sport is being obtained."

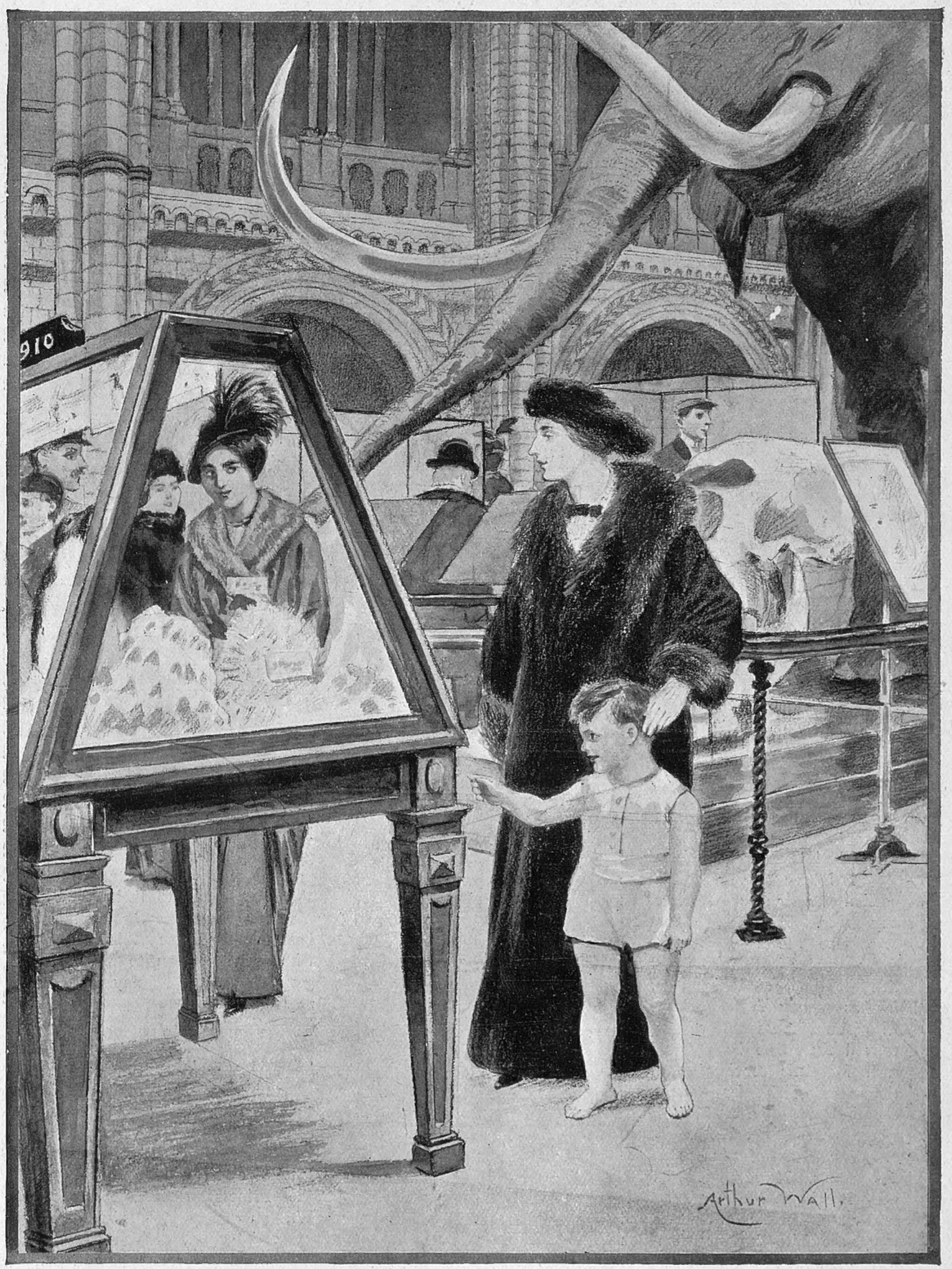
Photograph *Photo Press*

THE CHARITY TOUCH AGAIN

In the intervals between more public absorptions, Mr. Arthur Bourchier has been acting in aid of charity with "well-known people"—i.e., women of society, including the Duchess of Westminster and her sister, the Princess of Pless. Our picture shows the Duchess, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, and Mr. Clive Kelsey in the play "Pistols for Two"—the plot of which we don't know, but can guess

"Make the Boy Interested in Natural History"

LADY SCOTT SKETCHED IN THE ACT OF FULFILLING HER LATE HUSBAND'S DESIRE



Lady Scott and Master Peter Scott, widow and son of the late Captain Scott, R.N., at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. They are looking at the specimens brought back from the 1910 Expedition. Peter is evidently being trained to follow in his father's footsteps, not only in regard to his interest in Natural History, according to the last wishes concerning his son expressed by Captain Scott, but also in Polar exploration so far as endurance is concerned. As naked legs and feet are to the rigours of this climate (not to mention the chilly vastness of the Natural History Museum), so, we presume, are the fur-encased limbs of Polar explorers to an atmosphere a few hundred degrees or so below zero

BY ARTHUR WALL

MR. A. B. LESLIE MELVILLE
In a forthcoming divorce suit, in which Mr. T. Comyns Platt, hitherto

MRS. A. B. LESLIE MELVILLE
which the co-respondents are Earl Fitzwilliam and associated with the use of British arms in Ulster

Photographs Walter Barnett

PETITIONER AND RESPONDENT

EARL FITZWILLIAM
Joint co-respondent in the coming divorce suit, who in this photograph is seen enjoying outdoor sport on Lord Londonderry's preserves (at Wynyard)

"Causes Célèbres"

One can, in these days, publish the news of a coming divorce case without sense of scandal-mongering. Rather the contrary! For, in these days of matrimonial *complaisance*, the filing of a petition is refreshing evidence that somebody, at all events, retains old-fashioned ideas on the sanctity of the marriage tie. It is the rarity of Society *causes célèbres*, rather than their frequency, that should arouse Morality's sleeping lions.

* *
*

Tango in the Snows

The bad weather in Switzerland has been a godsend to one portion of the community, at any rate. The Tango instructors, who are a new feature of Swiss hotel life this season, have had the time of their lives, so far as money is concerned, for with outdoor sport so handicapped there has been a regular rush for their services, even at the very high fees they are charging, not only at St. Moritz—where Miss Muriel Wilson is one of the "stars"—but in less expensive resorts. However, it has been very largely at the cost of their health and tempers. Steam-heated rooms are quite pleasant when you have been out in the keen air, but working in them day after day and all day must be almost unbearable.

A Bridge Yarn

The Tango has not really ousted bridge or auction—indeed, the whole situation as regards this incessantly talked-about dance rather reminds one of the successful Hippodrome revue which bears its name, "Hullo, Tango!" in which there is a great deal more Hullo! than Tango. On the other hand, stories about prodigiously high play and excitement over bridge in "Society" circles are equally to be discounted. One of the latest newspaper yarns is that hostesses are so keen on getting good bridge-players for their parties that they actually pay them to come to their houses! Methinks I can see that mythical hostess and her mythical young friend sitting down to a solitary game of double dummy after a *very* brief while.

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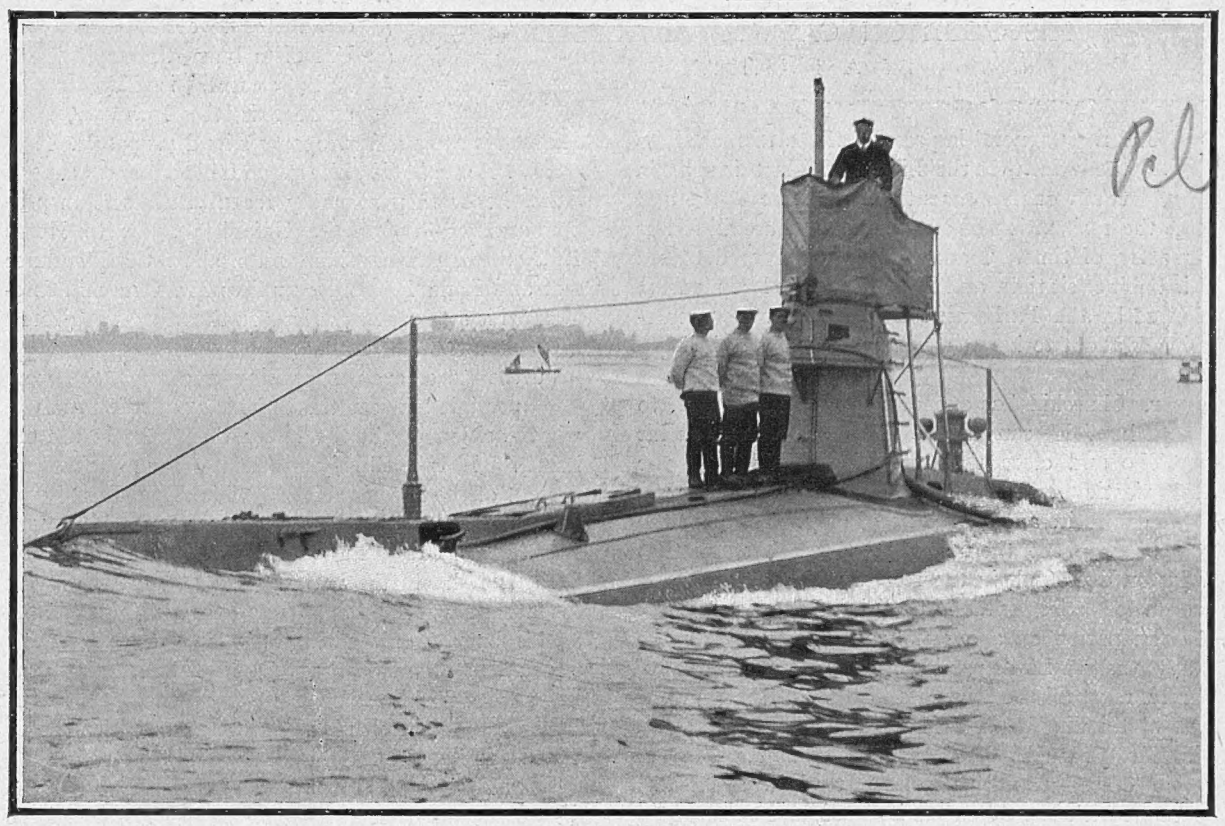
"In Aid of . . ."

A Charity Ball, organised by the Maison Paquin, in aid of the funds of the French Hospital and the French Benevolent Society, will be held at the Princes Rooms, Piccadilly, W., on Tuesday, January 27, 1914. Tickets, which include buffet and supper, single 12s. 6d., double 21s., may be obtained at 39, Dover Street, Mayfair, W.

Courage—in Three Real Phases



Photograph] SUBMARINE A7 WITH SOME OF HER CREW [*Cribb*

Which was lost on Friday last with all hands aboard, after sinking in Whitsand Bay, off Plymouth, while engaged in instructional exercises in company with the gunboat Pigmy and Submarine A9. She was commanded by Lieutenant G. M. Welman, R.N. Up to the time of going to press all efforts to find A7 have been unavailing

SUPPRESSOR OF THE AFRICAN STRIKE: GENERAL BOTHA

ALBANIA'S NEW ROYAL FAMILY: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WIED

We have heard much lately on the subject of Courage. The week has, however, afforded us examples of courage of what we consider to be the real kind. That is to say Physical Courage in the cause of duty and without advertisement, as shown by such men as those who went down in the ill-fated A7 submarine at Plymouth, the Courage of Firmness in the complete suppression by General Botha of Syndicalism in South Africa, and, lastly, Humanitarian Courage such as is shown by Prince and Princess Wied in persisting against all opposition in taking possession of the throne of Albania in what they believe to be the true interests of humanity. The result of the courage of the first two is already known, but we have yet to see what will be the result of the last of the three. "The Bystander," however, tenders every congratulation to Their Highnesses, and hopes that they will secure order out of chaos for their disinterested future subjects

AND WHAT OF WINSTON?

HIS POSITION CALMLY ANALYSED

BY A POLITICIAN

THE most general impression of the moment is to the effect that the Liberal Cabinet is split in twain on Armaments and Home Rule, and that the resignation of Mr. Winston Churchill is but a matter of time. I am personally prepared to see this Cabinet sit tight and intact until the last moment allowed by the Parliament Act. If, however, something *is* about to happen, what is it likely to be?

***

Mr. Churchill has one of three courses open to him. He can just resign. He can throw up his portfolio and cross the floor of the House to the enthusiastic embarrassment of the Opposition, or he can retire and form a new Party. Take, for the sake of argument, the first of the three. Assume that Winston does find, in the refusal of his Estimates, a reason for retirement. If the First Lord threw down his resignation on a question of expenditure on the Navy, the Sea Lords would retire with him. So, also, surely, must all the Ministers who are of the Imperial way of thinking, such as Lord Haldane, Sir E. Grey, and Mr. Samuel. Mr. Asquith—assuming him to retain office—would then have to lead a Radical remnant with Mr. George as its head, and the country dead against it—so preposterous a position that he is the last man in the world to tolerate the prospect of it. Much more likely, then, if a split on the Estimates there is to be (which I do not believe) the Government as a whole will resign.

***

Now Governments rarely or never resign without some kind of Parliamentary reason for doing so. It is against Constitutional practice. What they would, in all probability, do, would be to keep quiet about their differences and "ride for a fall." The Chief Whip would be ordered to go to sleep one day in his office and to omit to have a sufficient number of Members ready for a certain agreed-on division.

***

Defeated on some obscure trifle such as the supply of meat tin-openers for the Army, they would "go out," and the King would be invited to send for Lord Lansdowne (or Mr. Bonar Law). The Unionists would dissolve, and go to the country; the Liberals, disagreed about most other things, would, at all events, combine in ridiculing their opponents' own divisions of opinion on Tariff and Social Reform. They would demand what they really proposed to *do* to settle the Irish problem and to amend the Insurance Act. All the while Mr. Lloyd George would Limehouse as never before. Nothing would be said about the Navy, the differences about which would be cleverly hidden in a cloud of carefully blown smoke.

***

What the result of an election fought on such lines would be, goodness only knows. One hopes for the best. But the above is what I am convinced is likely to happen if there really *is* a split about the Navy, and not Winston's dramatic flinging down of papers and crossing the floor of the House. Suppose, however, the unlikely happened, and that Mr. Churchill performed this most un-English piece of melodrama. He crosses the floor. To meet what sort of reception? Mr. Churchill is, let it be remembered, committed to certain things that Unionism bars—the one is Home Rule, another is Free Trade, another is the Insurance Act, another is some of Mr. George's land proposals. How *can* Mr. Churchill take his seat with his opponents unless either he or they solemnly recant their solemn pronouncements—unless the Unionists agree to Home Rule, throw over Tariffs, and swallow the Insurance Act and Land Reform, or unless Mr. Churchill foreswears his own contrary views on those same subjects?

***

Furthermore, even supposing a compromise were possible between the Unionists and the Prodigal, what position would the latter then take in the old home? It is not likely that he is going to be made a present of the Premiership, for which Lord Lansdowne has waited so long, to which, in default of him, Mr. Bonar Law has the reversion. Chancellor of the Exchequer? Well, *is* it likely that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, with his father's mantle formally upon him and Birmingham at his back, would make way for a Free Trader? True, Winston might be promised the Admiralty as before, but for him to be given any post at all in the Unionist Cabinet either he or they must recant, and that is, to say the least, unlikely.

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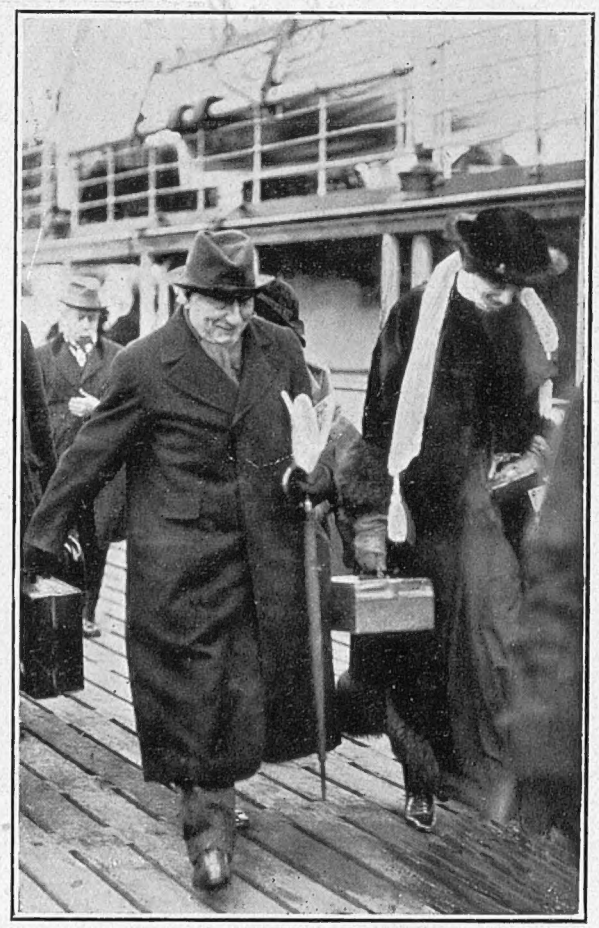
Most probable of all, therefore, and from sheer force of circumstances, is the formation of a new National Party. But that is a subject to which I reserve the right to return another week.

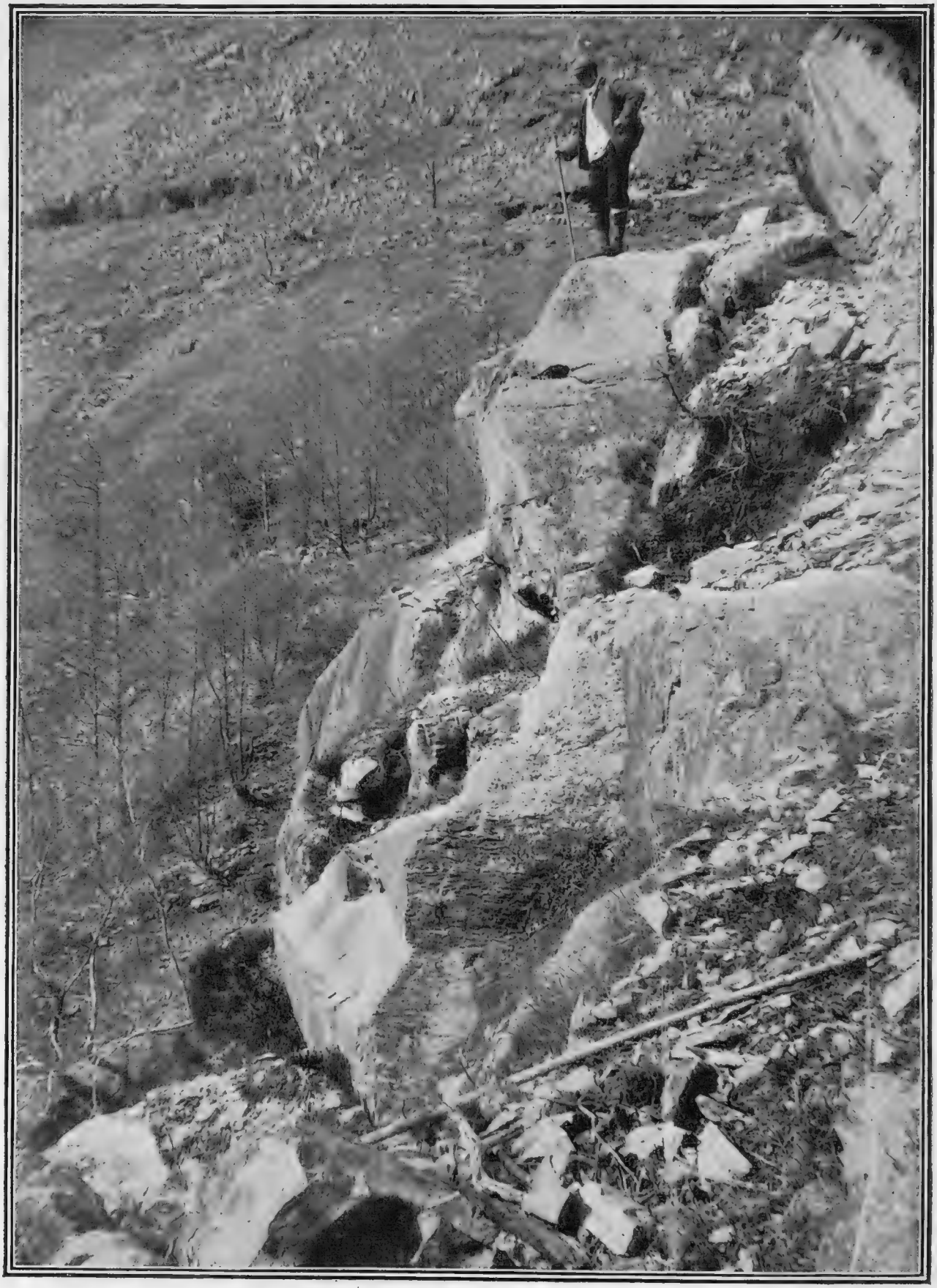


MORE ENIGMATIC THAN EVER!

Mr. Asquith leaving Dover for the Continent, with Lady Lovat as travelling companion. The Premier looks enigmatical, as though seriously vexed as to an imminent crisis in the relationship between internal affairs and sea power

Uncultivated Scotland

FLEES IN TERROR FROM POSSIBLE CULTIVATION



An extensive landslide has occurred near Steill, in Glen Nevis, about nine miles from Fort William. For a stretch of about half a mile the face of a slope has slid into the river Ness, leaving exposed (as above) the bare substratum of granite. While scientists attribute this to the recent partial thaw, it is much more probable that Nature herself, fearing that, in spite of the Duke of Sutherland's abortive overtures to Mr. Lloyd George, it would be the turn of Inverness-shire next, preferred to drown her scanty soil in the Ness rather than submit to experiments!

DOWNWRITINGS

"JAMAIS LA POLITESSE"—OR, WHERE ARE OUR MANNERS?

My Dear Editor—

Am I alone in believing that the most startling phenomenon of the present day to confront a returned wanderer from the wilds would be the complete decline of what used to be called—in French—*la politesse?* In earlier days Society had certain unwritten laws governing social conduct. For instance, if you were asked to take a meal, and accepted the invitation, you were expected at least to turn up—late, if you liked—but you were expected to turn up. Now, speaking from painful recent experience as a would-be host, you are apparently not so expected. To accept an engagement carries with it no more obligation to fulfil it than to say "Good morning" involves your rolling away the clouds from before the sun. If you think of it, you may, if time and other engagements permit, turn up somewhere within an hour of the appointment. If you don't remember it—you just don't!

Similarly, if you gave an invitation, you, on your part, were expected to be ready to dispense the proffered hospitality. Furthermore, you were supposed to be prepared to entertain your guest according to what you supposed to be his particular tastes. Now, so I learn—from experience, this time as an invited "guest"—nothing of the kind is obligatory upon you. The person—if he be rather out-of-date—turns up, but that you are, for your part, ready to entertain, amuse, or even to receive him, is, apparently, by no means to be expected. He comes to your spacious country house at your appointed time, but at his own confounded risk. If you happen to be playing golf or out riding or motoring, or playing racquets or billiards, or looking after your garden, your greenhouse, your horses, your asses, or anything that is yours, well, that is, as it were, your guest's funeral. He takes his chance.

At the meal to which he has been asked, *if* he has turned up, you throw food at him—good or bad, according to the capacity of your kitchen. You dump him next to a person of the opposite sex with whom he may, or he may not, have an idea or a desire in common, and leave it to him to work out his own destiny. What you, the host, are almost at pains at all costs to avoid, is so to converse yourself that others may take part in the conversation. Conversation, in short, is at the present day a lost art, and Society, respectful of the dead if of nothing else, is at no pains to disinter the corpse.

If one of your guests happen to keep bees, or silkworms, or to collect Egyptian saucepan-lids or Chinese teapot handles: if he happen to be a maker of words upon paper (an author), to be a "plus person" at golf, or to do anything else of no conceivable interest to anybody other than himself, you, the host, will allow him to bellow his specialist inanities at the top of his voice until he has bored the rest of the company stiff. You will not intervene. You are merely the host. Your guests' emotions are no affair of yours. After dinner, the great idea is to avoid providing, at all costs, any form of entertainment which may be generally acceptable to everybody.

Ten or more years ago a liking for decent music not indecently rendered was assumed to be general, and the guest at an "evening party" was usually regaled with something vocal or instrumental, and up to a certain artistic standard. Now, one understands, the love of music is dead in the land. Somebody may, by chance, be able to render more or less indifferently something of a "rag-time" nature, in which case, he or she will be turned on. More likely is it, however, that even such musical talent as this will be lacking, and the habit of the host will be to put down at tables such of his guests as may happen to play bridge, and to leave the rest of them to sit still, twiddle their thumbs, yawn, or be damned.

The person entertained is presumed to have put on his dress-clothes and put off his private affairs, to have journeyed far into the country, not with the object of being in any way amused or instructed for his pains, but to give his brain a complete rest from all possible exertion. As the brain of the average person "entertained" in these wonderful days is, to all appearances, eternally at rest, one wonders why he or she finds it necessary to go to the trouble of changing his *local* for the purpose of keeping it so. But they do, and one can merely wonder why.

The re-entrant into "Society" at the present day would, to put it bluntly, discover that entertaining in the true sense of the word was as dead as the dodo. All modern men and women understand by the word is the doing of certain recognised things elsewhere than in their own homes. Among these is the game of bridge, the dance called Tango. Not among them is the making of oneself interesting or agreeable. Nobody tries to be either, and he or she who does is silently voted "not quite the thing." To perpetrate, at a dinner-table, anything that may remotely resemble an epigram is to write oneself out of the period. Nobody will look amused, only furtive.

To take a serious or even a frivolous interest in anything of a general nature is to be suspected of being out of the non-movement. The great thing is to discover some "interest" so technical and remote that only you yourself are likely to engage in it. Then, by all means, break the silence with it. Prove yourself a really colossal bore, and the world, while it will yawn at you, will, nevertheless, tolerate you, for you will have at least excelled in insufferability. What you must not do is to open a discussion which might threaten to resurrect anything that might remain of the company's general intelligence. That, Sir, is to proclaim yourself a ghoul.

Downwriter

[Note.—*Downwriter is always glad to hear from readers whose ideas agree or disagree with his.*—Ed.]

About to Become an Agricultural Labourer?

EARL SPENCER WITH A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING IMPLEMENT

Photograph *Topical*

Earl Spencer's one claim to immortality is his famous *mot* in the Commons: "I am not an agricultural labourer." Surely it cannot be his intention, at this late hour, to go back on that declaration—and to the land? The implement he has in his hand is open to any suspicion. He was photographed with it on the occasion of a recent meet of the Pytchley at Althorp Park

Fantasies in Fashion

No. IV.—"MME. NASTURTIUM"

BY PURCELL JONES

The Bystander in Paris

In the Bois de Boulogne

NOTES ON ADMINISTRATION

Moving

"We'd better move" had been the verdict of the lady whom I have sworn to honour and obey. The dining-room fire had started smoking and a large and very crumbly piece of the hall ceiling had fallen in and spoiled a new aigrette. I have lived in Paris quite a long time, and have learned to lift my shoulders to my ears (which are extensive) and to spread my hands out palm upwards, quite *qu'est-ce-que-vous-voulez-que-je-vous-disely*. I did it. And a few days later I was the poorer by three months' rent, paid in advance, of a second flat. The next few weeks were happy ones, spent in gloating over the future. The future has become the insistent present now, and—*O là là, ma mère!*

"Forty Pounds"

I won't worry you with the details of the various things which the landlord (Landlord II.) won't do, and which the landlord (Landlord I.) insists on my doing. I am going over to London, presently, and mean to take the cashier of THE BYSTANDER out to lunch, give him a good one, and try and squeeze some sympathy from his cheque-book by telling him about them. Suffice it that I have been living in an atmosphere of £40. Everything you want done costs at least £40. Everything you have not got (I mean, of course, everything *I* have not got) costs £40, and the things which I wanted when I bought them and which cost £40 then, are quite valueless now, because they are for sale. Besides, we are past these worries, and the time to answer the "Dear Sir, Unless——" letters has not come yet. Just now we are moving.

"Qu'est-ce-que-vous-voulez-que-je-vous-disely"

Taking Things Round

Et comment! "If there is anything you value, particularly," Vivette said this morning, "perhaps you had better pop it into a cab and take it up to the new flat. Just run up with it, and put it down anywhere." I am now feeling the bruises on the softer parts of my anatomy (head included) and wondering whether these commands were not taken a little too literally. Several other people met me, with belongings which I recognised, on the stairs of the house we are intending to honour, and we all dribbled trifles like books, plates, a bath tub, and a few nobbly wardrobes as we climbed.

Electricity

But those little accidents must happen. The real worry of moving in Paris is caused by the French genius for administration. It is wonderful how these *entente cordiale* friends of ours love administrating. Everybody's doing it now. Paris is several centuries behind the flood in the question of home comforts, but we thought we would like to have electricity for all that. So I went to the landlord, and asked him to put it in. You never see the landlord in Paris. You see Monsieur le Gérant, who has his power of attorney, or more usually Monsieur le Gérant's clerk. Monsieur Papepluche was an elderly gentleman with gumboils. He was sixty-seven, he told me, and had never had electricity in his house yet. So he didn't think we could have it, he didn't see why we wanted it, and our lease didn't begin till the 15th of January, anyway, so *qu'est-ce-que I voulezed que he me dised, he?*

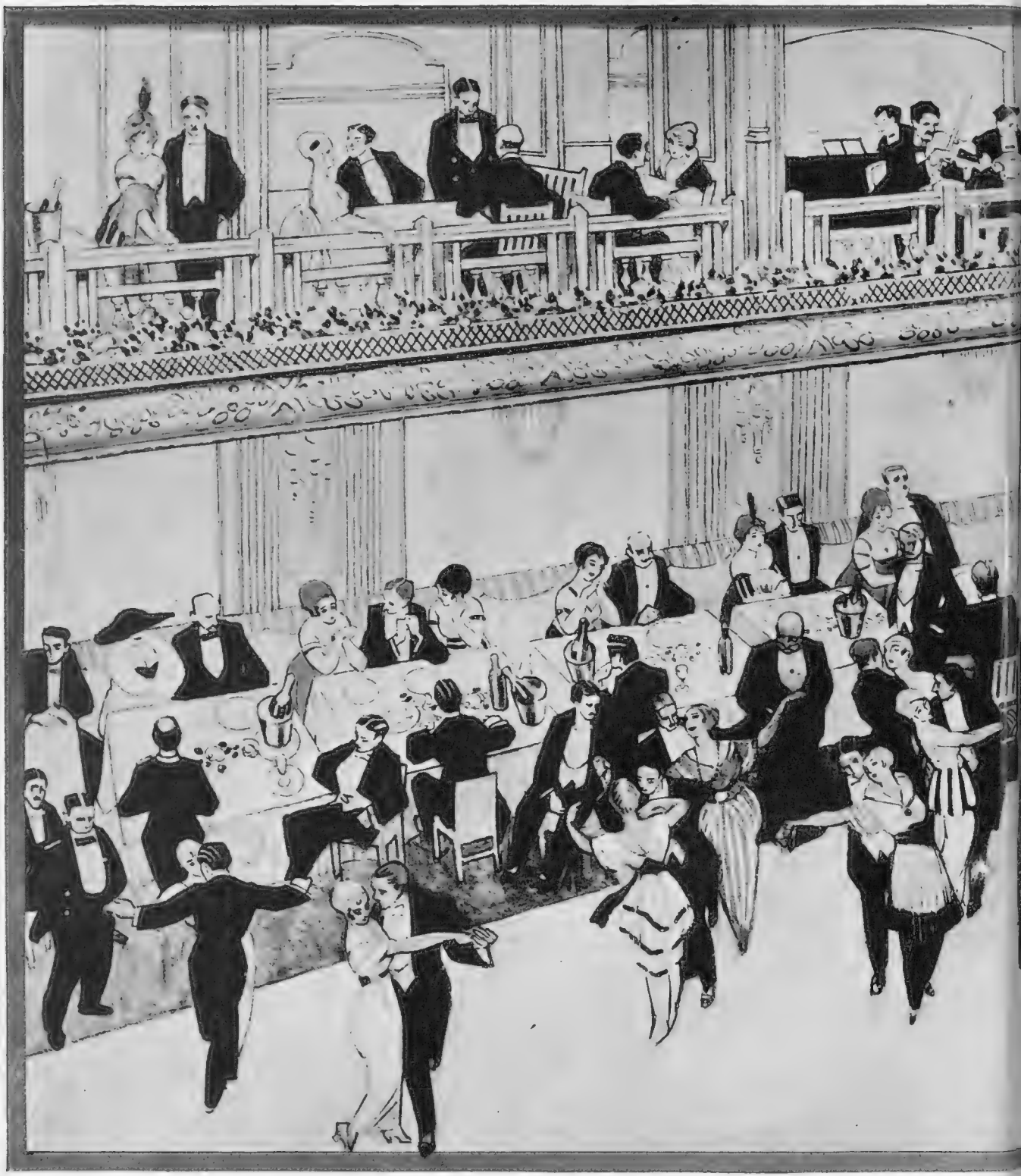
You go to the gas company and they administrate"

After Three Weeks

I went away requesting a formal reply by letter to my request. I waited three weeks, went back, and, ignoring Monsieur Papepluche, saw Monsieur le Gérant himself. Monsieur le Gérant was several centuries younger than Monsieur Papepluche, and had fewer whiskers, and when I said "Electricity" he said "Why not?" Then Monsieur Papepluche was ordered to give me the formula of a request from the tenants in the house to the Gérant for the installation of electric

(*Continued on page 142*)

How Long Can It

THE CURIOUS INTERNATIONAL ORGY

The picture of it pleases us immensely. But, speaking after several recent experiences of the so-called Dance-Supper at various of London's new supper clubs, in which, between the oysters and the soup, the fish and the entrée, ladies and gentlemen get up and dance the Tango or the Maxixe—well, we wonder how long human nature will stand it. To sup is

Possibly Last ?

KNOWN AS THE DANCE-SUPPER

to sup. To dance is to dance. The intermingling of the two is novel but unnatural. Our sketches were made in Paris by M. Makous, but the scene they depict is identical with that at any of London's supper clubs, save that the Parisian artist has in his mind a grace of figure and motion that is by no means as present to the eye of the London observer

(Continued from page 139)

wires. "It'll only cost you £24 to put them in," I told the Gérant, "and at least three of your tenants are willing to pay you two pounds a year for the accommodation." "Ah, yes," said he, "but these things must be done administratively."

The Matter Shelved

Monsieur Papepluche smiled in his whiskers, he did. I understood the evil meaning of that smile three weeks later. For then, seeing no signs of any electric wires, I went back to interview the Gérant, and found that the wicked and whiskered Papepluche having said electricity was impossible had so worded the letter he gave me to get signed that the Gérant had shelved the whole matter. I spoke winged words, murmured a silent prayer to the cashier of THE BYSTANDER, and committed myself to a promise to guarantee six pounds a year if the electric wires were put in. This was three weeks ago; I am still waiting. One of these days I'll put *administration* into verse. I know exactly what will rhyme with it. And everybody is administrating, here in Paris.

Painters and Plumbers

You ring the painter up on the telephone, and tell him that your plumber has made a bit of a mess, and you would like him to give the poor naked pipes a lick of paint. He waits a fortnight, sends you an estimate, you have to sign it, copy it out on paper with a sixty centimes stamp, and do all sorts of other funny things to it before he gets to work. The plumber sends you curious little administrative estimates with all kinds of francs and odd charges of one, two, and three centimes.

Further Trouble

The man who does the electric wiring administrates, and won't do his work till the painter has finished because the painter has an uncle who is older than his own uncle, or something, and then the architect comes in with a bad cold and a red muffler, and says everything is done all wrong and must be done again, and his fee is forty-seven francs and thirty centimes for the information. Then you go to the gas company, and they administrate till you get very sick indeed. I am absolutely tired of my own name, which I have signed on green papers and blue papers, and yellow papers, and I haven't got the gas for the kitchen and the bathroom yet. I asked why, though I knew the answer, and was told, "Ah, *voilà!* Things must be done administratively."

Deposits and Vengeance

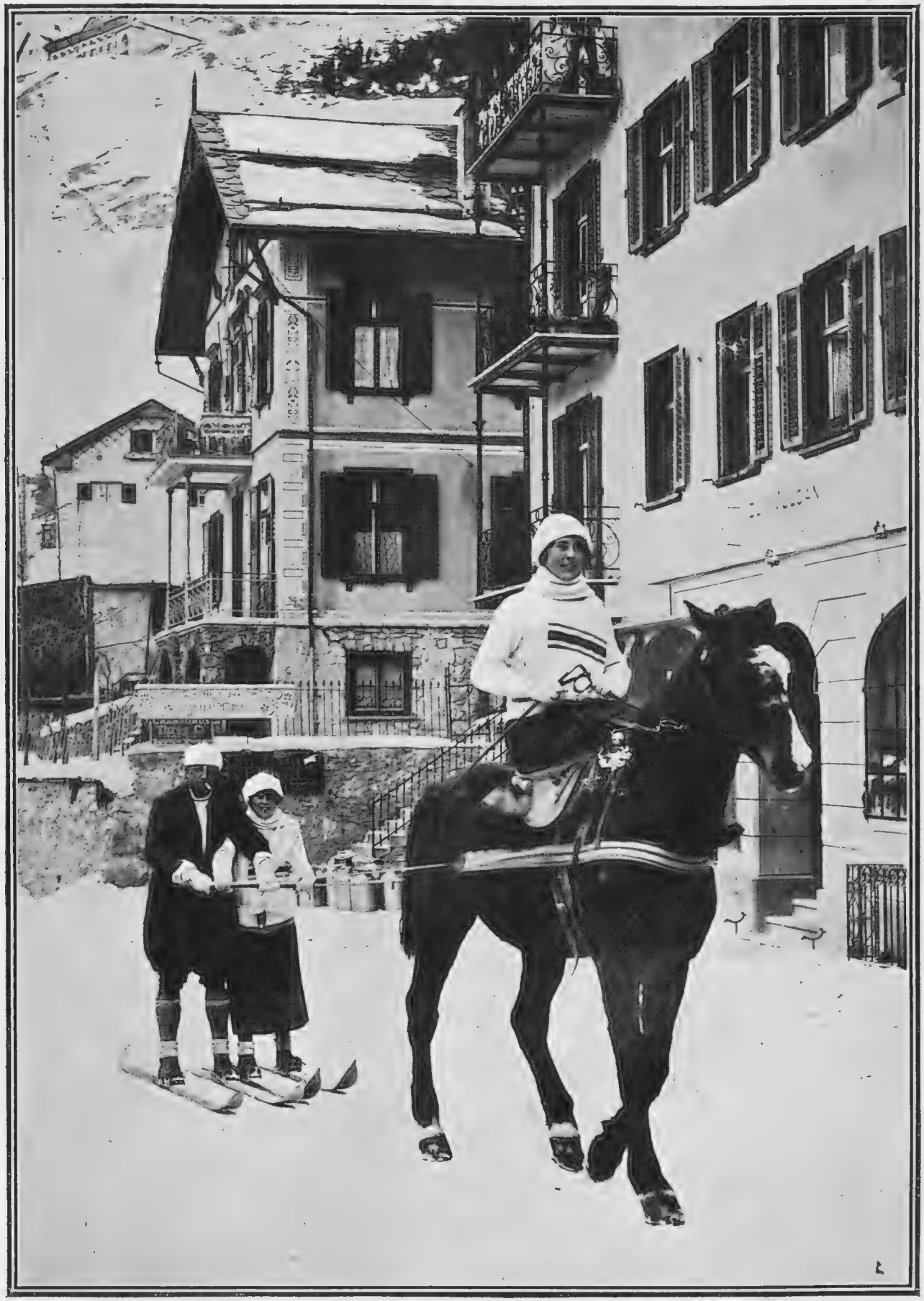
They evidently must. Many years ago, when I moved into the flat out of which I am now moving, if God and the administration so will, I paid a deposit. I don't in the least know why, but I have just paid another. I am to get the first one back of just the same amount, but I shall have to sign my name many times again before I get it, because things must be done administratively, you know. I am thinking very seriously of buying a watering-can and sprinkling the homes of all the landlords and gérants I know with something peculiarly offensive and odorously adhesive. Then they will have to move themselves. And I want to stand on the opposite pavement and laugh while they do it.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"Several other people met me, with belongings which I recognised, on the stairs of the house we are intending to honour, and we all dribbled trifles like books, plates, a bath tub, and a few nobbly wardrobes as we climbed"

"Ski-er" Joy

A ST. MORITZ PARTY OFF FOR A SKI-ING (DE LUXE) EXPEDITION



Photograph *Sport and General*

Some people are apt to take winter sport seriously and strenuously, Others take it, so to speak, "easy." It is purely a matter of taste. The party in the photograph seem to be of the latter variety, and we envy them. After all, there is no reason why pleasure should be hard work. Perhaps, however, when they get to the top of the hill they will take the usual exciting header down

The Bystander IN BERLIN

ARMS AND THE (GER)MAN

Because of Warships

Cynical Germans watch the coming "split" in the Liberal Party with cynical joy. It is a triumph for them. They have done many things in the past decade to change our slow-changing England; and this is a new thing. They have planted on us Social Insurance; they have nearly planted on us Protection; and now they are going to break up our precious Two-Party system and plant on us a Five-Fraction Reichstag system. When Sir Churchill, they reason, forms a new Party which will oppose equally Mr. Lloyd George Knight, and Lord Bonar Law. And all because Germans build warships. What better reason, they ask, for continuing to build warships?

Big Ships and Social Laws

Cynical Germans are surprised at the credulity of Mr. Lloyd George Knight and the hundred and—how many?—virtuous Radicals who want to have less warships and more Social Reform. They are surprised because they cannot understand why these two things are being put in opposition. Of course, superficial reasoners see only opposition. No Ships mean Pensions for Pekinese; Big Ships mean that the Pekinese die of hunger. All of which is inevitable, eternal reasoning to innocent Britons. And to Mr. Lloyd George, Kt. But Germans stare. To them the thing appears in another light. They remember that with them Big Ships and Social Laws are not only not antagonistic, but complementary and allied. They remember that the same men and the same movement brought them at the same time both Big Ships and Social Laws.

German History

Cynical Germans are surprised that Britons, being in a Germaniac copyist mood, do not study German history. Bismarck, the big armaments man, started, they remember, the Social Laws. He was preceded by Big-Armaments-Social-Reform men like Prof. Adolph Wagner, who for forty-four years has been steadily preaching More Social Reforms and More Ships. Why the old man even propagandises for both together, as if they were two branches of the same thing, in one pamphlet. And nearly the whole German school of "Kathedersozialisten," that is, the men who stand for Most Social Legislation and State Interference, agree with Adolph Wagner. Their plan is a Big Army, a Big Navy, and a Big Governmental Stick in the shape of State Interference and universal Social Laws.

Confounding Principles

Cynical Germans are surprised to see that Britons when they want to borrow German initiatives always confound the basic principles of these initiatives. The Britons not only do not realise that it was the Big Ships men who made the Social Laws; but they also do not understand that the Anti-Armament Party opposed fiercely and still opposes Social Laws. The Social-Democrats opposed and oppose all Armaments. They also fiercely opposed Sickness Insurance, Old Age Pensions, and even Factory Legislation in the worker's interest. Of late the Socialists have been forced into a grudging recognition of Social Reform. But not conviction, but the logic of facts, has converted them. They simply found out that the working man would not surrender the benefits of Social Reform. So they went in with the working man. But at heart Socialists continue to hate Social Reform just as they hate Big Ships; and some of them are not yet able to distinguish between the two.

TANGO-SKIS: THE NEXT THING IN CRAZES

Since the Press assure us that "Society" has found the Tango immoral, we were not surprised to hear recently that a version on skates had migrated to Switzerland. The healthy open-air atmosphere of the rink should tend to make it less sultry than in the crowded ball-room. After the Tango on skates we shall, without doubt, have it on skis, and above we offer a forecast of how and how not to ski-Tango when the time comes

BY NOEL POCOCK

Nuts and Crackers

SPRIGHTLY CAPTAIN: "Oh! Don't go yet—have another dance. I'll introduce you to these two!"
APATHETIC COMRADE: "No thanks, old chap, I'm fed up with bon-bons!"

BY D. FRANCES WOOD

MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS

No. IV. Mr. Granville Barker and "Repertory"

By HOLBROOK JACKSON

Saving the Theatre

TWENTY years ago playgoers were continually faced with the problem of the problem play; to-day they are faced with the problem of the theatre. When I say the playgoer I do not mean the average playgoer. The average playgoer does not bother about theatrical problems so long as he gets theatrical entertainments. But the problem of the theatre concerns him equally with the rest of playgoers, and gradually he is beginning to see it. The result is that, theatrically speaking, we are all asking each other—what shall we do to be saved? Answers are various. Abolish the Censor say some; give us intellectual drama, say others; whilst others cry for more imagination, more seriousness, more wit. On more definite lines we have Gordon Craig demanding and expounding an Art of the Theatre, and, lastly, Granville Barker, whose clarion call for Repertory is becoming irresistible. "If the drama is to be saved in England as a living art," he says, "it must be saved by the means of Repertory." Those who have attended performances of Mr. Barker's Repertory season at the St. James's Theatre, now transferred to the Savoy, are disposed to agree with him. But the significant thing about these audiences is that, for the first time since the demand for a "higher drama," they are mainly composed of average intelligent playgoers and not only of those austere intellectuals who are the necessary pioneers of new movements.

□ □ □

Youth and Versatility

It would be difficult to find a more suitable man than Granville Barker for the inauguration of the Repertory idea. Actor, playwright, manager, producer—he can do anything in a theatre but paint scenes—and he is young enough to teach himself how to do even that. Indeed, Granville Barker's youth is his oldest accomplishment, and yet he has been before the public so long that it becomes increasingly difficult to believe he is still under forty years old. Nevertheless, he is still the younger generation knocking at the door of the theatre, and still wearing upon his brows the laurels of the Stage Society, and bringing with him memories of the historic Repertory season at the Court Theatre during the years 1904 and 1907. Ever since then Granville Barker and the Repertory idea have been one and indivisible. His genius and example have inspired the movement in Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, and Birmingham, where bands of enthusiasts have established, or sought to establish, Barkerian playhouses. And in London, ever since the Court Theatre days when he performed the then seemingly impossible feat of proving that Bernard Shaw's plays were not only playable, but likeable, from both box-office and playgoers' points of view, he has been an untiring and consistent advocate of Repertory. Temporary failure has acted only as a spur to fresh endeavour, with the result that to-day he seems to be on the eve of attaining the realisation of his desire.

□ □ □

Puck and Fabianism

Thoroughness, intellectual and artistic courage, and a rare and sensitive gift of personal expression are among Granville Barker's chief assets. He sees clearly what he wants, and he works undespairingly towards his goal. With him the goal is the thing, and Repertory is the goal. All must be sacrificed to that. One can imagine that he became actor and playwright as a part of his apprenticeship towards the re-vitalisation of the theatre. Incidentally he gave to our stage a new and fascinating type of acting and at least three dramatic masterpieces—*The Voysey Inheritance*, *Waste*, and *The Madras House*—the first of which probably stands before all other plays of the newer school of dramatists for mastery of technique and subtlety of characterisation. And not even Shaw or Galsworthy has dealt more profoundly with modern problems than Barker has in the two latter. His outlook is tragi-comic, broadening to something like farce in the little play, *Rococo*, and in his earlier play, *The Marrying of Ann Leete*, his comic se ise has kinship with the comic spirit of George Meredith. Like all modern dramatists, he is concerned with the foibles of convention, society, civilisation, but he does not thunder, he smiles, often whimsically, but he is never jocular. In some respects he is the Puck of the dramatic renaissance, and if he has not written over the lintel of his theatre "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" it is because his association with the Fabian Society and Bernard Shaw has taught him to anticipate reform. Granville Barker reminds one of Puck taking life seriously. But that he can be consequential about inconsequent things is proved by his flirtation with fantasy in the company of Laurence Housman, in *Prunella; or, Love in a Dutch Garden*, and this *debonnair* side of him is revealed as happily in his charming adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's *Anatol*.

□ □ □

Art Before Personality

But all these delightful things—delightful acting, delightful plays and fantasies and dialogues—are side-tracked by the dash of his energies for the Repertory goal. Granville Barker as an artist must wait until a theatre exists wherein such arts as Granville Barker practises may exercise themselves freely and naturally. This selflessness in an actor-playwright is more than rare: it is unique. Actor-managers generally demand all the limelight, and I dread to think what would happen if they wrote their own plays as well. Barker is the arch-opponent of the dominance of the actor-manager. And he has won his spurs by first proving himself capable of becoming more than

MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS—No. IV.

MR. H. GRANVILLE BARKER

Camera Portrait by Alvin Langdon Coburn

an actor-manager, and then renouncing the temptations of his position. For that reason he is the ideal leader of a movement which sets fine drama and fine production before personal advantage. And as he has shown his right to demand renunciation by first having something to renounce, so he has shown his right to demand support for his Repertory idea, by first having shown, at the Court, the Savoy, the St. James's, the Kingsway, and the Little Theatres what he can do.

□ □ □

What is Repertory?

Granville Barker has asked for one thousand supporters with £25 a year each for three years—and in return he promises a Repertory better than that now running at the Savoy. It would be difficult to imagine a handsomer return for money spent on the theatre. "Do not," he explains to the nervously inclined, "do not think that the Repertory Theatre is merely to run gloomy plays, or one school of plays. It is to run anything that is first rate *of its sort*. It is not intended to do merely Ibsen and Shaw and Galsworthy. I want to do Shakespeare—I want to do Tchekoff—I want to do Congreve." Catholicity should, of course, be the aim of any Repertory Theatre and the cultivation of fine acting and production by variety of performances. Nothing is more damaging to dramatic production than a long run and, afterwards, practical annihilation. That is what happens to all successful plays under the present system. Repertory would keep the best plays alive by its system of periodical performances, which alone should justify its existence. Granville Barker knows that, and he knows further that the constant appearance and reappearance of good plays which have stood the test of popular approval and learned appraisement, must tend towards the development of the theatrical sense and from that to a splendid and enlightened national theatre.

HOLBROOK JACKSON

NEXT WEEK—
MR. J. L. GARVIN
BY THE SAME CONTRIBUTOR

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

How to avoid a chill seems to have been the main topic in the newspapers the last few days. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill have avoided chills, we understand, only by resolutely refusing to think of one another.

* * *

A writer in the *Daily Mail* has suggested that Mr. Churchill should leave the Liberals and lead a Party of the Centre. It is a little difficult to lead a party that does not exist, and we think our contemporary should now offer a prize of £10 to those M.P.'s who send in the most business-like applications to join the Party of the Centre.

* * *

M.P.s should be asked to state their age, experience and previous views, together with testimonials, if any. Applications on merely sentimental lines, such as, "I have several times been passed over for an Under-Secretaryship," should be avoided. . . .

* * *

Titles are very confusing things at first. How many people realise, for instance, that Baron Reading of Earley was Mr. Isaacs of late?

* * *

Mr. Bryce has named himself Viscount Bryce of Dechmount. "Dechmount"—says a contemporary—"is a hill in Lanarkshire, 602ft. high." Quite a nice little rise, we should call it.

STARTLING DISCOVERY IN THE WEST END
STANLEY: "I say, Bertie! I discovered a ripping little play to-night"
BERTIE: "What is it?"
STANLEY: "It's called 'Charley's Aunt'"
BY WELDON HALLIDAY

Lord Aberdeen is said by Mr. Handel Booth, M.P., to have covered his face with his hands when the latter made him some communication about the Dublin police. We are not surprised that Mr. Booth was struck by the courtesy of this proceeding; as a rule, people are not nearly so quick in concealing their smile.

* * *

The Kaiser has taken to chopping wood, in order to reduce his weight, and German civilians are very anxious that he should introduce this peaceful occupation to his officers. It is so much pleasanter, they maintain, than chopping people.

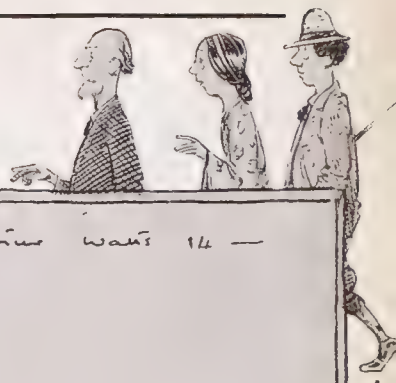
* * *

Inhabitants of Zabern continue to grumble at the finding of the recent court-martial, but we doubt greatly if the mass of the German people will deny that Imperial prosperity has been built up by the military spirit. Why, even over this Zabern affair, the Post-Office has made a most handsome profit out of telegrams congratulating Colonel Reuter on his acquittal.

* * *

A London publishing firm has advertised for fat men as commercial travellers. The idea, presumably, is to push books in the Solomon Islands, where the inhabitants are, if possible, more particular about the commercial traveller than the literary wares he has to sell.

PRESENT DAY TYPES . . . .



No. IV.—THE SIMPLE LIFERS

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Discovery of the EAR!

One assures us, in Paris, that the ear has arrived—that one ern emphasises, the organ of audition. More than that, one arra whiskeresque fashion that foreshadows a revival of the angry a thought. Bett

Fashion's Latest Drollery

mits oneself only a coiffure that leaves uncovered, and even the hair so that it curls round, or away from, the ear in a es of Mr. Frank Richardson—Whiskers for women! Perish the e them votes!

BY ROSE LE QUESNE

NAUGHTINESS IN THE . . . . . ENGLISH NOVEL

HAVE WE HAD ENOUGH OF IT ?

The Library Censors

After last year's experiences, one cannot help wondering whether the novelists of 1914 are going to fall under the ban of the library censors. These censors may be curious gentry—they apparently base their judgments on questions of "morality" rather than on those of mere silliness—but I am beginning to believe that there is something to be said for them. Of late we have been hearing a great deal about the future of the English novel. That it will embrace every subject, however morbid or "daring," is tolerably certain; but how "daring" the treatment may be is another question. "Daring" books pay, you hear. Let a novel but be banned, and all the flappers of Suburbia will run to the book shops—a sight, of course, to gratify the heart of the novelist who wrote it. (You will nearly always find, by the way, that when an author is more than usually "daring" he has written from the bottom of his heart.) But—haven't we had about enough of this "daring" fiction? Don't we now know all that there is to be known of the terrible vices of peer and commoner? And are we not tired of reading pages overrun with the morbid analyses of some sex-maniac disguised as the "ordinary" English gentleman? Really, the thing has been overdone.

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE

The second volume of whose novel, "Sinister Street," is being awaited with interest. The first volume, it will be remembered, was banned by the Library Censors last year. This photograph was taken recently near Mr. Mackenzie's villa at Capri

The Dullness of It All

The truth is, sex as it is treated to-day has become intolerably *dull*. And the naughtier our author is, the duller he becomes. It may be, of course, that he doesn't go far enough. There is always a veneer of respectability hanging over even his most morbid chapters. Also, our police are occasionally inquisitive. Or, again, it may be that our vices are insular and dull. But whatever be the reason, surely we have had enough? Pathological sex is not the whole of life, although a number of people seem to think that it is. It is a curious fact, but when an author confesses that he is taking "life" for his province, he almost invariably confines himself to its seamier side. The dramatist follows suit. One could almost imagine that "drama" implied morbidity.

Mr. Cannan and the New School

Mr. Gilbert Cannan, in his new novel, *Old Mole*, which I shall hope to review next week, has an illuminating page on this modern trend. Says he:

"Among the books in the chambers were many modern English novels, and he found nearly all of them, in varying formulæ, dealing axiomatically with woman as an extraneous animal unaccountably attached to the species . . . capricious, soulless . . . concerned wholly and solely with marriage, if she were a 'good' woman, with the destruction of marriage, if she were 'bad.' . . . Even among the 'advanced' novels the marks of the beast were there. . . . They said, in effect, 'Woman is not a mother, she is a huntress of men, or a social worker, or a mistress—(the conscious audacity of that word!)—or a parasite, or a tyrant . . .'"

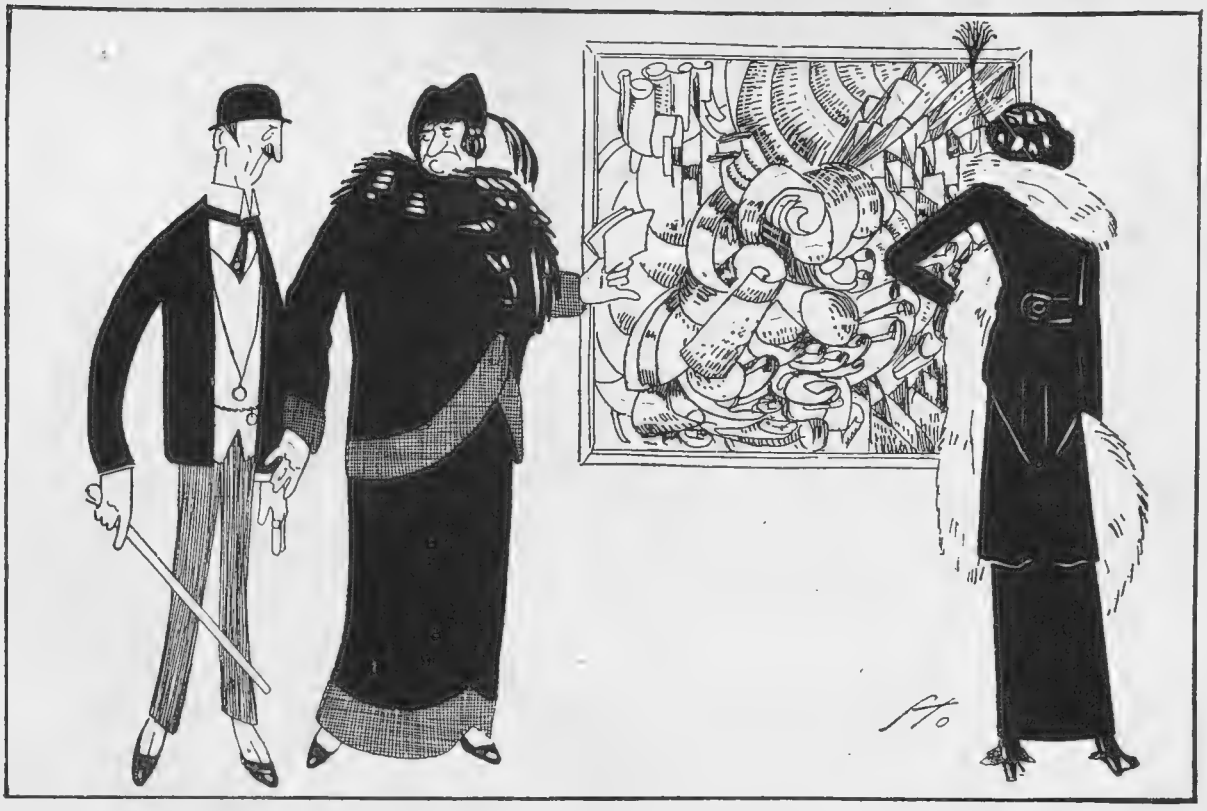
A Solution

You hear often enough that novel readers demand a love-story, that a novel must be about love, but—must it? Is there not enough grumbling as it is about the unoriginality of novelists? Yet what new thing can be written about love except its most morbid manifestations? On the other hand, what innumerable other subjects may not be found? Look, for instance, at *Magic*. I regret that Mr. Chesterton should have converted his idea into a play, for *Magic* would have made a splendid novel and makes but a poor play (if a fascinating entertainment); but no matter, the new idea is there. Look, too, at those other mad novels of Mr. Chesterton. Sex rarely appears in them. Kipling owes his success to his masculinity. Sex for him is a natural instinct to be treated naturally and in due proportion. There is in his work none of that veiled naughtiness to which some lesser writers give so much of their attention. In the old days we were more particularly concerned with adventure and romance. We might do worse than turn back to those simpler times.

The Future?

Indeed, unless the novelist is to retain some of those older traditions, I do not see what is to prevent him from going entirely to the morbid for his canvas. And then we shall have that dear, delightful, half-educated public taking the morbid for the normal; and all sorts of complications will ensue. As Mr. Edmund Gosse remarked the other night, your modern novelist has come to consider his own *métier* as the only form of literary art. This is one of those mistakes which are not easily corrected. With art, as any artist will tell you, morality has little to do; but dullness is unforgiveable. And if it is necessary to be naughty, let us be naughty, with Rabelais, in the open air—not with some "daring" soul in a hot-house.

RALPH STRAUS



AT A FUTURIST EXHIBITION

FOND PARENT: "For pity's sake take my daughter away from that picture at once!"
FRIEND: "But why?"
FOND PARENT: "Why? Don't you see in the catalogue that it's a study in the nude!"

FROM "NUMERO," TURIN

A Line to Miss Christabel Pankhurst

CHÈRE ENNEMIE—

Re your book, "THE GREAT SCOURGE."

You have done what you set forth to do, and given me a nasty shock. Your book—the reprint of those awful articles in the *Suffragette*, which so favourably affected the sale of that journal among the unregenerate sex—tells me, among many other choice things, that three out of five members of my sex are morally and physically (I assume the "mentally") unfit to contract the marriage tie. To aid this contention, you load your book with extracts from the writings of various eminent doctors, and with statistics.

I am sorry, my dear Christabel, that you should have chosen, in Paris, so very dull an alternative to window-smashing in London. Statistics and "expert" opinions are invariably the distress signals of dying causes. No conflict, with such weapons, can ever live, for its participants are doomed to die of dreariness.

To the "authorities" you quote in support of your theory of Man's physical unfitness to marry it were easy to oppose others. Where there's one expert, there's always another: it's merely a question of what you want to prove. As for statistics, I've not the slightest doubt that your "three out of five" proportion could easily be proved inaccurate and grossly misleading.

But, however that may be, by your new method, instead of enlisting men's sympathy for the general principles of Suffragism, you force them into a controversy the general lines of which are dull and the details shocking. You carry the whole discussion into an atmosphere from which it will take years to rescue it.

Alas! it is not possible to deny the prevalence of the "great scourge" to which you refer, and your co-operation in the task of mitigating it would be welcomed by all real social reformers. But your attempt to fasten the responsibility of it entirely on Man compels me to raise the alternative question, "What about Woman?" Thus, you see, we enter on a prolonged and angry discussion, the honours of which are likely to be easy, but the result of which will be merely increased sex bitterness.

The sex to which Society owes every system it possesses of ethics and religion, is not likely to lie down under the charge of having a monopoly of moral wickedness.

By all means let Man try to be better. But let Woman, who brings the charge, make the first move. If she desires Man to become moral, will she foreswear the use of all methods to make him otherwise?

I concede, Christabel, that the Suffragettes themselves have done wonders in this direction, but, alas! there are still a lot of women about who continue, by every device of glance and gait and gesture, and dress, and speech, to lure us from those "moral" pursuits in which we should, on the whole, be well content to concentrate, if you'd only let us!

In conclusion, Christabel, if you want moral men, *que les femmes commençent.*

A MERE MAN

Activities, Sporting and Otherwise,

SIR ROBERT HUDSON

THE HON. CHARLES RUSSELL

LORD ROSSLYN

GOLFERS AT MONTE CARLO

The *only* topic on the Riviera during the past week has, of course, been "The Bystander" Riviera Number. Crowds thronged the streets of Nice angrily disputing which of its features were the best. Play in the Rooms at Monte Carlo was at a standstill, so busy were habitual visitors, croupiers, detectives, etc., studying the centre pages to see if their features had been "caught" correctly by Mr. Norman Morrow. Everywhere else it was the same. There was *no* other topic, though, as our snapshots show, one or two sporting people managed to fill in the intervals between the talk about the special number with health-giving muscular exercise. [With apologies to a Mimosa daily contemporary.]

RIVIERA GOSSIP

By the Bystander on the Riviera

Plenty of People

"STORY, sir? I have practically none to tell." Such is the actual situation of the Riviera journalist at the moment. Otherwise put, the season continues to hang fire, and if things do not liven up very soon it may miss fire altogether. Do not imagine for one moment that the Riviera is a desert. *Au contraire.* There are plenty of people about. But what people! I searched high and low in the paddock and outside it for celebrities at the Grand Prix de Nice the other Sunday, and by the end of the day succeeded in discovering exactly ten. These were Lord Charles Beresford, Prince Victor Duleep Singh, Mr. Fred Terry, Georges Carpentier, Emilienne d'Alençon, Mrs. Arthur Cohen, Lady Samuelson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jay Gould, and M. Camille Blanc. No wonder the papers have been full of Lord Rosslyn's "sensational win," which was not sensational at all, judged, at any rate, by old Monte standards, and of a stupid story about a local journalist who drew the winner of the Grand Prix in two sweeps and sold for ten louis!

Cheer Up!

Nil desperandum, though, and there's really no need for despair. Seasons, all Europe over, tend to get shorter and shorter, and the wise *hôtelier* is he who opens his establishment as late as possible and concentrates all his efforts on making his pile during the one big rush. The fight between the two big hotels on the Promenade des Anglais, by the way, is getting really quite amusing. Suspecting that his rival was trying to entice his *cliéntèle* away, one of the managers inserted a number of names with fictitious titles in the list of visitors supplied to the local newspapers. The rival fell into the well-prepared trap, for sure enough a couple of days afterwards Lord Westwater and the Marquis de Bourse Plate were duly advised by letter that if they would only move from the Hotel Dash to the Hotel Blank they would receive better attention and have better rooms at considerably lower prices than those which they were actually paying! Competition, it will be seen, is very keen in Nice these days, but it is "proving the Rühl."

"Mimosa"

My sympathies are with Lord Northcliffe—I understand that the "mimosa" *Daily Mail* is his particular baby—for after beating the drum with extreme vigour for weeks about the delivery of his yellow organ by "aerial post" through the medium of the intrepid M. Salmet, what does the said M. Salmet do but go and fall ill right on the top of his second delivery! The result is that while we of the Riviera are duly presented each morning with our mimosa sheet we fail to have the intense satisfaction of knowing that it has been dropped from the clouds—provided, of course, the clouds lie low. As an advertising "stunt" the aerial delivery of bundles of "mimosa" was a good idea, but even *Daily Mail* airmen are human, though it may be hard to believe it!

The Wiseacres

The Travellers' Club at Nice has caught on, as I felt sure it would, and has already succeeded in proving a magnet to many who for years past had given Nice a wide berth. What is more, all the wiseacres—and they are numbered by hundreds in the capital of the Riviera—who foretold dire failure for a first-class club in Nice are now tumbling over each other to get elected members—and some of them, to their intense surprise, are finding the attempt more difficult than they expected!

in the (Presumably) Sunny South

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AND THE MISSES CRAIG BIDDLE

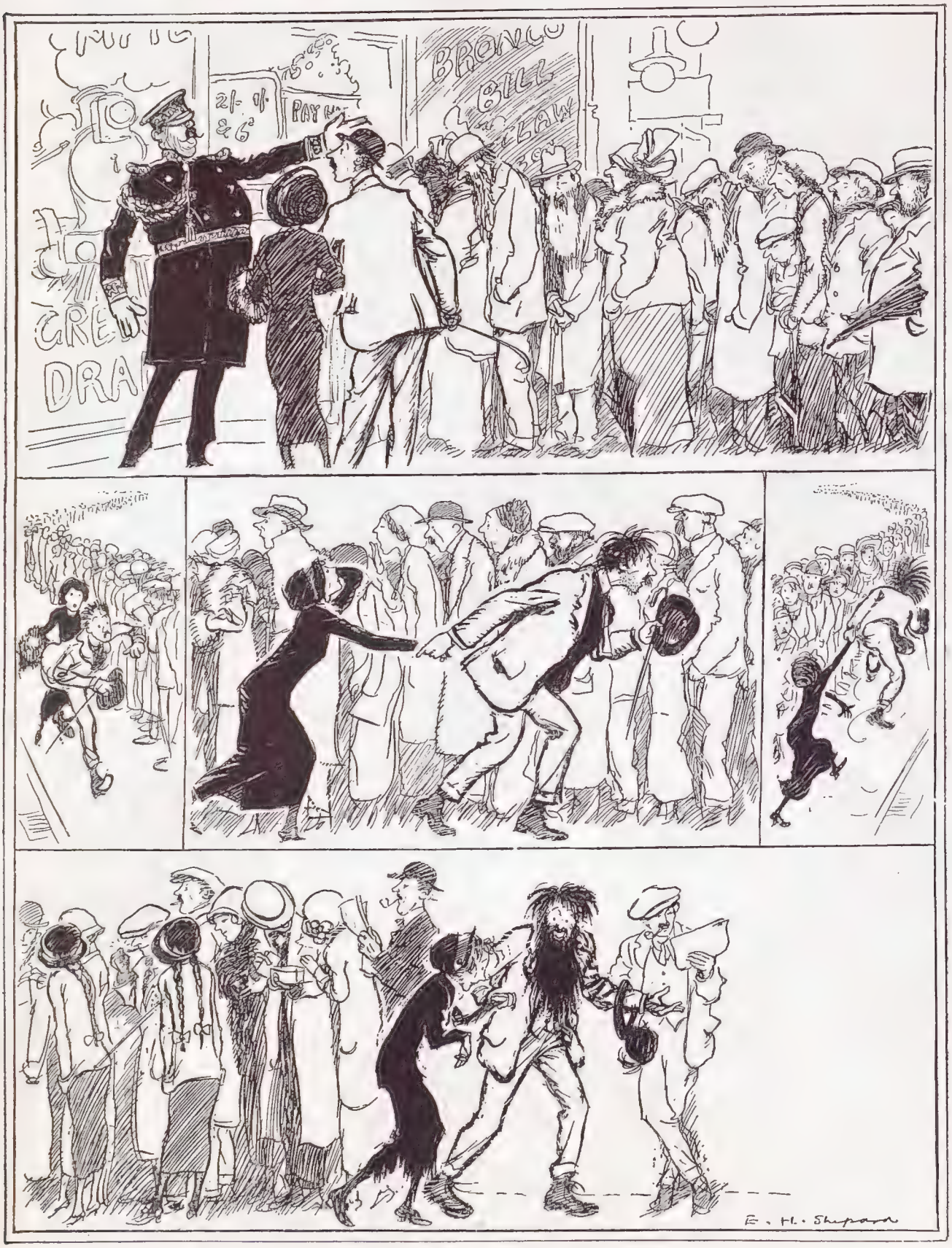
MR. GORDON LOWE

COUNT MARTINO, MR. A. F. WILDING AND THE BARONESS VON KORFF

THE HON. BRIDGET COLEBROOKE (IN WHITE), DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY COLEBROOKE

The Riviera tournament season opened at Cannes three weeks ago with the New Year meeting, held on the time-honoured courts of the Hotel Beau. It was followed by another on the new courts of the Carlton Hotel. The world's champion, A. F. Wilding, competed at the second meeting, and shared the honours with the French *enfant merveilleuse*, Mlle. S. Lenglen, who, though only fourteen years of age, carried all before her in the ladies' events, beating, among others, the well-known English player, Mrs. Winch. She and Wilding together won the Mixed Doubles in great style

The Tale of a Cinema Queue



A BREATHLESS STORY—AND CONSEQUENTLY WITHOUT WORDS

BY E. H. SHEPARD

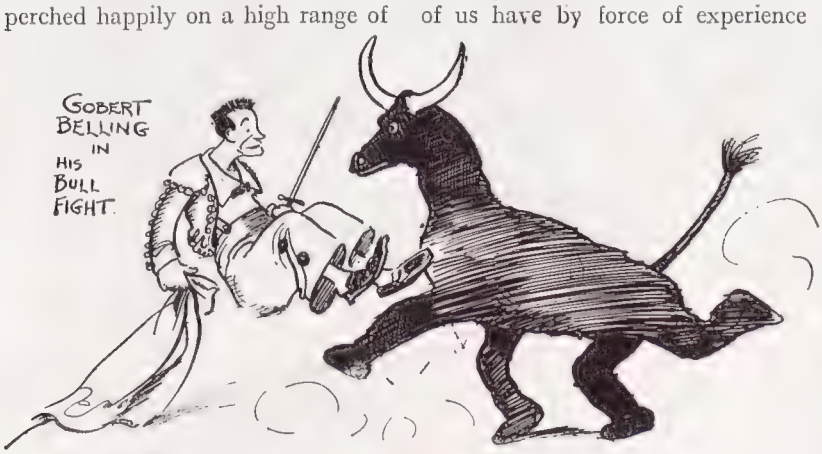
THE WONDER ZOO AND THE BIG CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

IT seems that the keynote of the Hagenbeck treatment of wild animals is just—Kindness. Combined, I trust, with the well-known and justly celebrated Power of the Eye. In one of the enclosures occupied by a miscellaneous collection of lions, bears, and hyenas, a young lady sits as complacently as if she were in her own suburban drawing-room. One's first impression is that the principle of kindness to animals has been carried so far as to keep a little fresh human diet in constant readiness for them in case their appetites should favour that kind of food; but, as is so often the case, first impressions here are incorrect. The young lady is in the den of lions just to show that wild animals are really quite tame if you will only treat them with a proper amount of consideration. After seeing this exhibition I am beginning to wonder whether Daniel's exploit in the lions' den was, after all, such a very daring performance. There is nothing new under the sun, and it is long odds that Dan knew quite as much of wild animals as the Hagenbecks, anyway.

The Hagenbeck method of treating animals in captivity seems as intelligent as it is picturesque. Instead of being confined in cages, as is the case in our own Zoological Gardens, the lions, for instance, are perched happily on a high range of imitation rocks. Between them and the spectator is a comfortably wide chasm, so that any lion that happened to have a sudden yearning to get up and bite somebody would have to forego its craving and sob itself to sleep on the ordinary diet provided by the management. I gather, however, from a perusal of the programme that lions, if properly treated, do not bite people so freely as has been generally supposed. All the lion asks is to be let alone. It doesn't want to fight, but by Jingo if it does! And as the ordinarily sane man is not usually consumed by a yearning to walk up to a roaring lion and push it about rudely, the King of Beasts would appear in his normal state to be as inoffensive as the domestic kitten.

The Wonder Zoo is quite a spectacular attraction. Most of us have by force of experience associated animals in captivity with iron-barred cages, and it is, therefore, a distinct revelation to see the denizens of the forest (I think that is the phrase) roaming about under tropical foliage as if their feet were upon their native heath. I do not know whether the wild beasts at Olympia have yet taken a bite at any of the said foliage, but, if so, they must have lost much of their simple faith in human nature in consequence. A mixture of canvas and thick green paint would, I think, be trying even for the leonine palate. Another interesting innovation of the Hagenbeck family is the association in one enclosure of groups of animals that can be relied upon to enjoy each other's society without trying to set up any vexatious class distinctions. The only disadvantage of this arrangement is from the spectator's point of view, since it is not always easy to identify any unfamiliar member of a particular group. On the night of my visit two young men were debating in quite heated terms as to the identity of a wolf-like animal that was sharing



an enclosure with a number of lions and bears. One of the disputants would have it that the animal was a hyena; the other insisted that it was a jackal, as he had a picture of it in a book at home. Personally, I had an idea that the animal in question was some kind of wolf; but on referring to my programme I found it was just an Eskimo Dog from Greenland, the icy mountains of which salubrious spot have long been famous in our island story.

On the ground floor of the Wonder Zoo there are a few animals in cages to which are attached homely appeals such as "Please Do Not Feed Us;" while other notices express the hope of the animals that they will not be wantonly teased. But by far the most interesting parts of the exhibition are those in which the animals are to all appearance allowed to run freely over rocks and under trees similar to those of their native haunts. This illusion of complete freedom is quite ingeniously presented to the spectator, giving, as it does, an impression of limitless space to a necessarily small and confined area. The monkey enclosure is an excellent example of this illusive method of decoration. You see an enormous rock rising out of the ground to a great height, and scampering all over the rock are a number of playful baboons of the type that possesses the well-known physical peculiarity which suggests that they have worn themselves out by sitting down too much. This exhibit is naturally the most popular of all, as the monkey is so very human in many ways that he is practically one of the family, as you might say.

The Big Circus is not, perhaps, the wild novelty that might have been expected. Some of the turns have already been seen at the London music-halls; while many of the

A Leap into Fame

FROM "A PLACE IN THE SUN"

Photograph *Wrather and Buys*

MISS JEAN CAVENDISH, OF THE "COMEDY"

Who has leapt into fame and, we hope, fortune, as the heroine in Mr. Harcourt's successful play, "A Place in the Sun." She represents a young lady who is modern enough not only to be on openly bad terms with her parents, but to believe and carry into practice the theory of the justice of applying similar standards in morals to men and women—for the improvement of men, we hasten to add

others are new in name only. After all, it is probably not easy to discover new ways of standing or dancing on the back of an ambling horse. All the old ways, however, are very well shown, and one performer who was announced by the Ring-Master as "the most wonderful bare-backed lady rider in the world" (whatever that may mean), proved to be, certainly, a very capable acrobat. For those who in this mechanical age can still take pleasure in the contemplation of a fine horse, the Big Circus should be a very great attraction, many splendid and valuable animals being introduced in the course of the entertainment.

After the humours of the Big Circus with its stereotyped acrobatics and its conventional clowns, some of the unrehearsed effects of the English Farmyard are not at all lacking in joyous entertainment. The "farmyard" is just an enclosure at the extreme end of the building, and it contains all kinds of domestic wild fowl, such as sheep, goats, and turkeys, to say nothing of the leading comedian, a lively jackass that spends the best part of its time in rushing about and trying to kick its fellow-creatures into a rather bad illness. The efforts of first one animal and then another to dodge the devastating hoofs are quite hilariously funny; and one is consoled by the fact that the jackass's intended victims are protected by a nice instinct from the risk of injury. The new enterprise at Olympia is very well managed, and the gentleman who is responsible for the advertising is certainly an ornament to his profession. JINGLE

MATTERS MUSICAL

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS

A Dearth of Tunes

WHAT is the matter with our popular music? For the last few weeks the musical Bystander has been doing a round of music-hall and musical comedy, and has been forced to the conclusion that never has there been such a dearth of good tunes. This is, of course, the fault of rag-time. A composer cannot continue to specialise in that particular kind of syncopation for long without repeating himself. And thus we have arrived at a stage when every new tune tends to become more and more similar to some famous predecessor. The climax surely was reached the other night when, at a certain place of entertainment that shall be nameless, I was able to sing the "Robert E. Lee," note for note, to a tune that we were asked to take as new and original! Indeed, except for "In My Harem," at the Alhambra—which has, I believe, been popular for a year or two in America—I can think of no good tune, even of the second rank, at present before the public.

Devoid of Merit

As for the Tango tunes, they are simply dreadful; I am sure I don't know why. The *habanera* rhythm on which the dance is founded lends itself well to musical treatment. But all the popular Tangos, without exception, are insipid and commonplace, badly scored, moreover, with a peculiar swish of the cymbal that is most irritating. Worst of all, many of them are not even good to dance to. In fact, our popular music has never been so devoid of merit. But we may at least comfort ourselves with the reflection that our own composers are not responsible.

Photograph *Violet K. Blaiklock*

MADAME LIZA LEHMANN

The famous composer, who has been appointed a Professor of Singing at the Guildhall School of Music, was formerly a well-known soprano vocalist. Madame Lehmann retired from the concert platform in July, 1894, on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Herbert Bedford, the well-known artist and composer. Since then she has devoted herself exclusively to composition. Among her compositions are a song-cycle for four voices, with piano accompaniment, entitled, "In a Persian Garden"; also song-cycles, "The Daisy Chain," "More Daisies," and many others

Good Dancing

The standard of dancing and of dance-appreciation, on the contrary, has risen enormously. At the Empire Phyllis Bedells can claim the success of the evening. She deserves it, moreover. In most ways she is a better dancer than Lydia Kyasht, and now that she really has a chance to show what she can do, very likely she will improve still more. At the Alhambra it is the same story. Phyllis Monkman and Rosetti win more applause than anybody except, perhaps, Robert Hale. And both are good dancers. True, Phyllis Monkman is too acrobatic for my personal tastes, but what she does she does well. Moreover, in mimo-drama that is even less intelligible than such things usually are, she displays a good deal of mimetic ability. Mosetti is quite excellent. Her *entrechat*, the leap and rapid crossing of the feet, which is always so popular, looks as neat as that of a Russian *prima ballerina*.

The Reverse

A curious reversal of conditions, this. Four or five years ago most of our popular tunes were good, and nearly all our popular dancing was bad. Now it is just the opposite. If only there would arise a new Lionel Monckton or Leslie Stuart with a rather more developed sense of rhythm, we might expect a most attractive phase of popular entertainment. But we must wait until after the funeral of rag-time. Fortunately it is already sick unto death—like we ourselves! FRANCIS TOVE

Mammals—Human and Otherwise

WHICH THE BIG-GAME HUNTER MEETS IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

SPECIMENS OF A NATIVE TRIBE
Of British East Africa, who use the long spears seen in their hands as main hunting weapons

A HARTEBEEST
A swift-footed animal, much hunted in British East Africa

AN AFRICAN LIONESS AND CUB

A RHINOCEROS

A ZEBRA

AN IMPALA

In these days, when it is becoming more and more fashionable to take one's holidays far afield, it is almost a common occurrence to hear that a friend is "off big-game shooting" to Africa or elsewhere. "Back again about March," he says to you. Above we reproduce photographs of some of the natives and some of the game to be found in that favourite big-game hunting "resort," British East Africa

Forty Feet Under the Sea for a Shilling!

ON THE WAY TO THE CAPE

A scene at Madeira on the arrival of a liner bound for South Africa, and met, as they all are, by boys ready to dive for coins thrown by passengers into the water. These boys are wonderful swimmers and divers of great endurance. They will dive right under a liner for a shilling—some forty feet or more down and up again the other side, which, when you think of the difficulty the average man has in picking up coins from the deep end of the average swimming bath, is truly a wonderful feat

The Navy from Within

No. IV.—£400 A YEAR——NEARLY, or THE M.P. IN THE SUBMARINE

By A NAVAL OFFICER

"NOW," said the Member for Duckwater, "I shall expect some thrills."

"Then I hope you'll be disappointed, Sir," replied the captain of Z 23. "I don't like thrills myself, and I honestly hope the only one you'll get is the way my second L.T.O. invariably messes up the lunch."

"Cooking—ah—does not worry me," explained the the politician. "A glass of champagne, a dozen oysters and the breast of a tender bird is, I consider, sufficient nourishment for any man."

The Lieutenant-in-command smiled grimly.

"I'm afraid we've only got chops and beer."

Ignoring his honourable guest's look of surprised horror, he lit a cigarette, and gave a brief order to the helmsman. The submarine swung round Spit Fort with a flourish, and headed for Sandown Bay.

"Would you care to have a look round below?" inquired the sailor.

The politician assented with suppressed eagerness. He found the breeze somewhat chilling, and the boat's motion was not exactly agreeing with him.

He considered that, under the circumstances, any change would be a change for the better, so he disappeared down the conning tower on a voyage of exploration, and, having torn his coat in several places on the various cocks, gauges, and other spiky things which make the descent into a submarine a matter of skill and patience, found himself at last in the full din of the gas engine.

"A truly wonderful experience," he murmured. "I'm sure it was very good of Mr. Churchill, but——" his complexion became slightly tinged with green—"I think—ah—my breakfast must have disagreed with me."

He decided to return once more on deck, but at that moment the Second-in-command advanced politely.

"Shall I show you round?" he asked, wiping his black and oily hands on a piece of cotton waste.

The Member for Duckwater eyed him uncertainly. He disliked people who were dirty, and he did not realise that the Sub. was an officer. Still, he decided that he could not show signs of weakness before an inferior. So he gulped miserably, and silently followed his guide.

As they walked forward the politician came to the conclusion that being inside a submarine was rather like being inside a huge cigar, with a floor built across it, nearly half-way up.

He also decided unhappily that this floor was no steadier than the deck above, and far less comfortable, for whenever he staggered from side to side with the motion of the boat, he invariably succeeded in hitting something solid and hurting himself considerably.

The whole of the space, except the narrow alley down which they walked, seemed to be taken up with hundreds and hundreds of weird and wonderful contrivances, which the Sub. explained as being respectively, pipes, electric cables, ovens, compressed air bottles, lockers, fans, pumps, life-saving helmets, torpedo tubes, torpedoes, and many other complexities.

The Member for Duckwater was not particularly interested in them. He merely gazed at them with a view to discovering which would be the least pointed portion upon which to fall. And whilst he watched, he gulped back his feelings—with difficulty.

Then the Second-in-command explained that beneath them were the petrol, fresh water, oil and ballast tanks, magazines and stores; and, finally, the immense electrical battery which supplied the boat with light, and also drove the propeller when the boat was under water.

"I know I shall! I know I shall!" murmured the M.P., sorrowfully, as, disregarding the Sub.'s animated description of the working of the torpedoes, he pressed his throbbing forehead against the heavenly coolness of a brass fuse-box.

At last he was led, dazed and unresisting, right up to the gas engine. Up to this time he had mastered his feelings by sheer will power.

But this was too much.

The appalling noise and the sight of men working rapidly and competently in an atmosphere that consisted mainly of petrol fumes and bad language, overcame him.

He gave a gasp, and then . . .

Very gently the Sub. and the L.T.O. picked him up and carried him into a quiet corner, where they put overcoats under him, rugs over him, and pillowed his head upon the flag wallet. They did not even smile as they held his nose and dosed him with sal-volatile from the medical chest.

The Member for Duckwater gulped it down without gratitude, and closed his eyes.

"Churchill! Churchill!" he murmured. "I'll never forgive you for this!" He slept . . .

When he awoke all motion and all noise seemed to have departed from the boat. His headache had almost disappeared, and a longing for fresh air overcame him. He staggered to his feet, and walked aft.

"I—I think I'll have a blow on deck," he murmured.

The Sub. hid a smile behind his hand.

"I'm afraid you can't," he said. "We're thirty feet under water at the present moment."

The Member for Duckwater was startled.

"Under water?" he gasped.

"Yes," said the Sub. "We trimmed and dived whilst you were asleep."

A feeling of momentary panic filled the politician, but even as it came it died away. A glance round

showed him a number of men sitting quietly at their stations, in the most nonchalant manner possible. Perhaps—perhaps he had overrated the danger!

"Explain to me briefly exactly what has happened!"

The Sub.'s smile grew broader.

"Well, first of all, you see," he explained, "we closed off the gas-engine, and then we reduced our buoyancy to practically nothing by filling our ballast tanks with water."

The M.P. felt better, and became brilliant.

"Ah! but where do you get the water from?"

The Sub., restraining a desire to be sarcastic, explained politely that the majority of the water came from the sea, and the remainder from the ocean.

"*Exactly* what I thought," exclaimed the Member for Duckwater. "But you should always explain these details," he added reprovingly. "Always be thorough, my boy, always be thorough!"

The Sub. contained himself with difficulty, and told the Member for Duckwater that, having sufficiently reduced the buoyancy, they went ahead with the electric motors that drove the propeller, and forced the boat under water by the use of hydroplanes and the horizontal rudders.

"*Exactly* what I thought," said the legislator. "And afterwards, of course, you run along the bottom until you see a ship, and then you jump up and ram her!"

The Sub. hid his face.

"But what I don't see," added the M.P., "is how you escape yourselves?"

"That's what the torpedoes are for," explained the Sub. "We get inside them and fire ourselves out."

"*Exactly* what I thought," said the representative of the people. "I have—ah—not studied the question deeply, but it has always seemed to me that submarines are quite simple to any man of average intelligence."

The Sub. coughed heavily into his handkerchief. The crew bent their heads in an attitude of devotion, and the Lieutenant-in-command, who, up to now, save for an occasional order, had sat silent at the periscope, suddenly seemed to have discovered a pin upon his stool.

The Member for Duckwater began to enjoy himself hugely. He became deeply interested in the L.T.O.'s method of adjusting his rheostats for increasing or decreasing the boat's speed. He watched the working of the hydroplanes and horizontal rudders, as the coxswain and second coxswain, with never faltering eyes upon the depth gauges, moved their wheels to keep the boat at an even depth.

The helmsman, steering by means of a reflected compass card, also received a considerable share of his attention.

Presently the captain called him, and invited him to gaze through the periscope.

"That's the ship we're going to fire at" said the captain, as the M.P. glued himself to the eyepiece.

"*Exactly* what I thought!" said the politician, reluctantly giving up his place after a hurried survey of the world above. The Lieutenant-in-command, with fifteen lives on his hands, was not taking any chances.

A moment later the captain gave the order, "Number one—stand by!"

The Sub., forward by the torpedo tube, held up his hand. There was a long drawn pause.

"Number one—Fire!"

A tiny hiss was all that indicated the torpedo's departure.

"Surface. Blow all main ballast," came the order.

The buzz of compressed air, suddenly released, filled the boat, and as she gained buoyancy, the captain disappeared up the conning tower and opened the hatch.

"All right. A hit!" he called down. "Come up and have a look at her, Sir."

His words were wasted. As Z 23 once more took her rightful place on the surface of the water, the unsteady lurching recommenced.

For a moment the Member for Duckwater grasped the conning tower ladder firmly and attempted to steady himself, but a further lurch bumped him heavily against the switchboard. He gave a rapid glance round. Everyone seemed to be busy about their own work. No one was watching him. Without a second's hesitation he made up his mind, and thrusting foolish pride from him, sank down with a gurgle of content upon the pile of rugs and coats.

There he slept peacefully until the boat had been made fast once more to Blockhouse Pier. Then he arose, somewhat sulkily, and was conducted, with due formality, to the wardroom.

He cheered up after a brandy and soda.

"I think it is very nice work for a young man," he said, condescendingly. "Nice simple work. Just the sort of job I should like if I were a young bachelor."

The captain laughed.

"I am afraid that most of the men, at any rate, are married," he said. "You see, we only take men of the best character, and the extra half-crown a day is an inducement."

"Ah, yes, I suppose the money has proved some inducement, but, between you and me, I think the time has now arrived when the amount should be curtailed. Submarines are as safe as other ships, nowadays. My recent experience——"

But the Lieutenant-in-command of Z 23 had fled.

* * * * * *

A fortnight later a young man stood up in the House of Commons, and regretted having to inform the House that His Majesty's Submarine Z 23 had been run down and sunk by the s.s. "Nonsuch," while carrying out manœuvres in the English Channel. Unhappily, no details were yet to hand.

A gentleman in a white tie arose.

"Was it not time," he asked, "to do away with these inventions of the devil? Was it fair to continue to risk men's lives in them?"

The young man hoped that his honourable friend would remember that both officers and men in the Submarine Service were very highly paid in consideration of the risk they ran. Indeed, the officer in command of Z 23 had been receiving no less than one pound and ninepence per diem.

The gentleman in the white tie sat down hurriedly.

"Why! That's almost as much as we get!" he murmured to his next-door neighbour.

In the gloom of the back benches, the Member for Duckwater stirred uneasily in his sleep.

NEXT WEEK—
"AUNTIE'S SHOOTING"
BY THE SAME CONTRIBUTOR

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

OVERHEARD AT THE WONDER ZOO

"How jolly to see the people without bars between them and us"

BY E. A. MORROW

The Revolution in Decorative Art

I.—ON SCHEMES OF COLOUR

BY PRUNELLA

As The Bystander has recently pointed out, we live—even more than the people of the eighteen-nineties—in a period of decadence, for an age which can boast of Cubism, Suffragism, and Tango Teas surely has a claim to be called decadent. But it seems as if that decadence were more subtle, more educated, and at the same time more healthy, and, so to speak, "good for one" than any other decadence—apart from the fact that new golf courses are opened almost daily in the British Isles.

Seriously speaking, the secret of our decadence really resides in the fact that we have learnt to live more artistically, and that we are no more satisfied with old things for new

Post-Impressionism and the Russian Ballet are responsible at least for the education of our eyes. Everywhere now we see barbaric, primary colours married together in a way that would have made us shudder only two years ago; we see them in scenic decorations, in women's frocks and hats, in fabrics destined to adorn our homes.

In fact, it seems as if the present time—as regards decoration—would be characterised by a revival of the art of interior decoration as practised (though in a very different manner) by William Morris many years ago.

We have been through many phases before arriving at the present improvement in taste: through the era of heavy mahogany furniture, sofa tables, red reps, curtains, and antimacassars, through the age of "Art Colours," dull green, dull red, dirty purple, and yellowish white; through the phase of bouquets of flowers, badly designed and brightly coloured chintzes, chiffon shades and sweet prints; we have endured the period of "quaint" decorating. The sham antiques, the revival of would-be French Louis XVI, and Chinese Chippendale, and now, at last, we begin to appreciate bold colours and the beauty of simplicity.

That is why it is true to say that this appreciation of primary colours and of simplified drawing—drawing and colouring which have in most cases the *naïveté* and even the crudity of the primitive paintings—is really the *comble de la décadence*, if it is true that only hyper-civilised people can appreciate barbaric works of art.

Of course, many people like this new art without going into the psychological details of it; perhaps they do not even realise that the present flowers in modern cretonnes are done in flat colours, without shades or detail of petals; that they are more a suggestion of a flower than a copy of nature; that the fruit is sometimes abnormally purple and the roses are frankly blue; that the geometrical patterns of the modernmost French prints do not represent anything in particular—the fact remains, that most people educated by the artistic events of the last three years now admire these modern products, and feel their charm, while they would have laughed at them a few years ago.

That is really a revolution in the schemes of colours, an entirely new departure in the way of printing the patterns—altogether a new school of applied art.

The interesting part of this revolution is that people who like beautiful things and who have moderate means can now have them, for these modern products are beautiful without being expensive: a modern cretonne is fine because the drawing and the colouring are fine, as fine, in fact, as in any very dear brocade. It is easy enough to decorate a house very beautifully if you can spend hundreds of pounds on furniture and buy materials at twenty-five shillings a yard, but to make a not very beautiful room look perfect without spending much money is a very different matter.

Still, it can be done with a little taste and a little trouble, as I shall show later on—the above paragraphs being only a few prefatory remarks to an always interesting subject for an Englishwoman, the decoration of her home, that home which is her castle, and which must have the qualities of a real home, not too full of things, not too bare, with an *intime* atmosphere and a comfortable appearance, artistic without being "arty," a place where to spend your life happily—an Ideal Home which is not at the same time an Exhibition. Prunella

P.S.—My next article will be devoted to sitting-rooms and living-rooms.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

THE SPANIEL: "Go away! Rudolf. You know very well that my mistress hates me to flirt with you when I'm in her company"
THE DACHSHUND: "Ah! That's just like you women, you're so jealous of one another"

By A. Buhrer

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The Bystander SPORTING COMMENTS

ENGLAND v. WALES: THE ENGLISH FORWARDS BREAK AWAY FROM A MÊLÉE

At Twickenham on Saturday one of the most exciting Rugby Internationals on record was won by England by two placed goals (10 points) to a placed goal and a dropped goal (9 points), after Wales had led up to within ten minutes of the finish. There must have been quite 30,000 people looking on

The Big Rugger Match

The reason why England only just scraped home by the odd point at Twickenham on Saturday was that the Welsh forwards were so much the cleverer at hooking and heeling that our people very seldom got the ball in the scrums, and that when they did, the ensuing passing-out movement was frequently bungled by our halves. Some allowance must, of course, be made for the fact that Wood's job was made increasingly difficult by the slowness with which the ball was heeled to him, but all the same he did not play well, and it was difficult to believe that he and Taylor were the pair who performed so brilliantly in the final trial. But the truth appears to be that they have to have things made easy for them. They have not the genius for surmounting obstacles.

***

Were England Lucky?

So it came about that our fine three-quarters, who were going to do such a lot of scoring, were playing an up-hill game nearly all the time, and were as often as not kept busy chasing and collaring opponents who had the ball instead of being able to run with it themselves, and so excellent were the Welsh forwards that with a little more attacking power behind the scrummage, Wales would have won. I do not, however, agree with those who say that England were lucky to win. Both the English tries were the result of movements worked up to and completed by fine play on the part of Poulton and Brown in the first instance, and of Brown and Pillman in the second; whereas Wales' try in the second half was one of the distinctly lucky type, the direct outcome of one of the few blunders made by Poulton. Moreover, Wales were penalised, I should say, quite a dozen times. This is too high a percentage of infringements to entitle the side committing them to much sympathy for being beaten. They were a distinct blemish in an otherwise admirable side.

***

Cup-tie Misdemeanours

In the first round of the Football Association Cup there were several instances in which players were ordered off the field for foul play, deliberately striking or kicking their opponents, and similar ebullitions of ill-temper. Incidents of this kind seem to be inseparable adjuncts of Cup-tie play—I suppose because there is so much hanging to it. This is the worst of making a business of a game. Every tie won in the F.A. Cup means more gate-money, in the next round, for the club which "runs" the winning team; and as most of the players are professionals they are naturally out to make as much money and gain as much *kudos* as they can for their employers and themselves. At five

Photograph *C. W. Murray*

MLLE. S. LENGLEN

The youthful French lawn tennis prodigy. Though only fourteen and a half she has already won several championships, including two on the Riviera

replayed ties on Wednesday last the total takings were over £3,000.

***

Why They Happen

The result of this is that Cup-tie football is always what is politely termed strenuous rather than scientific. A win is of such vital importance that the combatants are too "jumpy" to play properly, and seek to atone for the loss of their wonted skill by extra vigour. The transition from vigour to roughness is easy, and when a game becomes rough tempers are lost and "scrapping" almost inevitably ensues. Present-day referees are, in most cases, fairly strict, but the penalty of being ordered off the field does not seem severe enough.

***

A Contrast

Perhaps the best contrast to these blemishes of Association football—all the more deplorable because the game itself is such a fine one—is to be found in hockey, which, thanks to the foresight of its legislators, who will have no professionalism, no cup-ties, no pot-hunting of any kind, is one of the cleanest and most sporting games in existence. Consequently when anything unpleasant occurs in hockey it attracts more than the ordinary amount of attention. I think therefore, that it is to the credit of those who had to deal with the recent Enfield case that they did so with a firm hand.

***

The Enfield Case

They might quite conceivably have hesitated to censure a player for conduct deserving of censure on the ground that such conduct is so rare on the hockey field that isolated cases, like this one, could be treated on "not-guilty-but-don't-do-it-again" lines. But the salient feature of the case was that it was one in which the golden rule that an umpire's decisions must not be disputed was somewhat flagrantly broken.

***

Justifiable Rigour

In censuring the player who broke this rule the Southern Counties Hockey Association were concerned not so much with the punishment of an individual as with the upholding of a principle. They knew that the individual was genuinely sorry for his behaviour, but they were sensible enough to realise that it was necessary to deal with the situation in a manner that would deter others from doing likewise. In all games the authority of the umpire should be unquestioned. There are some—lawn tennis is, perhaps, one of the best examples—in which this dictum is not sufficiently observed. And they suffer accordingly. The government of hockey is in safe hands.

H. S. S.

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You gaze at his strong lean jaws and at his resolute mouth; you become acutely conscious of his keen dominating eyes; and you realise that his is a personality that was bound to count whatever he might have set out to accomplish in life.

You wonder what years of struggle and hardship went to the making of his present proud position among the managerial giants of the day. You wonder what he was before he became what he is. You speculate concerning the purely human side of the man, saying to yourself, "He is flesh and blood like the rest of us—How did he do it?"

MR. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE

Years Ago

In a typical Scottish home in Glasgow we find a small boy—a boy imbued with all the normal youngster's exaggerated ideas about everything, but with no particular ideas about the stage, and see his school-days come and go, his childhood merge into youth, his youth become tinged with ambition and the desire for adventure.

We follow him with his parents to Edinburgh. We travel further south, and at a desk in an office amid the smoke of Manchester we meet him again, leading an uneventful life and seeking an outlet for his insatiable ambition in amateur theatricals.

We perceive that he is stage-struck, and we pass on to Prince's Theatre because we know that a super is wanted there in connection with the pantomime of 1877, and that he will make an eager application for the post—and gain it.

For us, his first task of laying a carpet on the stage for a couple of acrobats is fraught with ironic humour, because we are aware that twenty years hence he will return to this self same theatre as its manager. But for him the future is a sealed book and the laying of the carpet a solemn rite.

A year elapses, and we encounter him again, at the Queen's Theatre, his back to the commercial world for good and all, and his face to the footlights. He is earning twelve shillings a week for playing Shakespearean parts with Charles D. Dillon and Barry Sullivan!

We accompany him to Aberdeen and rejoice at his engagement as "general utility" man there at a salary of a sovereign a week.

Down the Map

And then we move down the map with a band of players, whose ranks he has joined, and drift with them from town to town and from bad to worse till he breaks a two-days' fast in a pastry-cook's shop with threepenny-worth of stale cakes, in order to gain sufficient strength to play the part of the wicked wealthy villain at the local hall.

"TOM JONES"
At the Apollo Theatre, April—August, 1907

"THE MOUSMÉ"
At the Shaftesbury Theatre, September, 1911—March, 1912

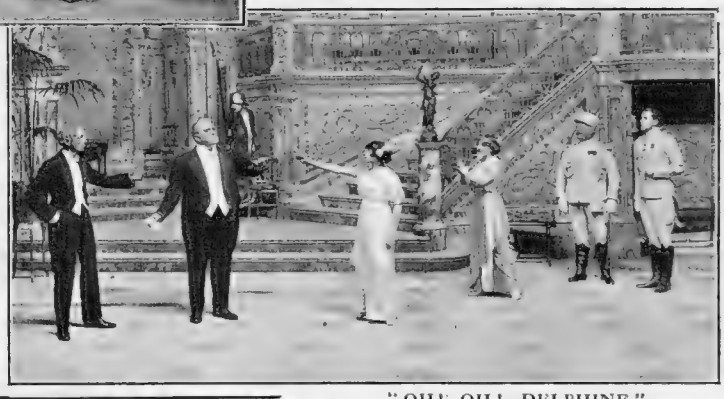
Photographs *Foulsham and Banfield*

"THE ARCADIANS"
At the Shaftesbury Theatre, April, 1909—July, 1911

"THE PEARL GIRL"
At the Shaftesbury Theatre, September, 1913, and still running

"THE BLUE MOON"
At the Lyric Theatre, August, 1905—February, 1906

"THE DAIRYMAIDS"
At the Queen's Theatre, April, 1906—December, 1906, and revived at the Apollo, May—July, 1908



"OH! OH! DELPHINE"
At the Shaftesbury Theatre, Feb.—July, 1913

"PRINCESS CAPRICE"
At the Shaftesbury Theatre, May, 1912—January, 1913

Fortune Changes

Follows a change of fortune and his marriage. Then comes a voyage to Australia, where he and his wife are engaged for a sixteen weeks' tour in Gaiety burlesque, but stay for two years, their daughter Cicely being born in Sydney.

And then, the twenty years having been bridged, we return to the grime and gloom of Manchester and learn that Prince's Theatre has achieved a reputation for its wonderful pantomimes and Shakespearean revivals—and lo! the super who once laid a carpet on the stage is the producer of the plays and manager of the theatre!

And so to London, where—first as a producer and then as his own manager and producer—we see this man, who failed to pawn a dress-suit in Barnsley, lavishing his brains, the experience of years, and thousands upon thousands of pounds on the casting and mounting and perfecting of numerous musical plays.

The Present

We approach the present, glancing by the way at the playbills of his past successes: *The Blue Moon*, *The Dairymaids*, and *Tom Jones*. Then his lesseeship of the Shaftesbury Theatre comes as the coping-stone wherein he has produced *The Arcadians*, *The Mousmé*, *Princess Caprice*, and *Oh! Oh! Delphine!!* and so we come at last to his present success, *The Pearl Girl*.

Photographs: Foulsham and Banfie'd, Foxer Street Studios, and Rotary

Racing on the Riviera.

By CARBINE

Points of Difference

I cannot tell you a story of sunshine and roses on the Riviera. At least, the roses are presumably here right enough, but they have scarcely survived one of the coldest snaps yet known on the Côte d'Azur. Of many points of difference between English and French racing, probably the first which strikes the visitor is that far stronger gatherings of the fair sex are seen at the Continental gatherings than at home. The racing authorities in France wisely cater for the patronage of the ladies by charging ten francs for them in the *pésage* as against twenty francs for the men. Thus on Sunday you could have counted as many of one sex as of the other. Our own party had the worse of its tilt with the Pari-Mutuel on the Grand Prix afternoon, but two days later we had ample revenge, as there was money to draw over every race. I doubt whether the average English racegoer would be satisfied with the size of the programme at the Nice meetings, where there are only four races during the afternoon. But there is so much deliberation over those four events that the visitor from England does not experience any sense of loss of sport. There seems to be little conception of time at these Riviera gatherings. For example, the Grand Prix was timed for 2.45, yet the clock had turned 3.30 before the starter sent the competitors on their journey. The intelligent English visitor speedily becomes accustomed to the Pari-Mutuel system of betting, but I am sure that we all prefer the bookmaking system. Perhaps it is a relief not to be partially deafened by the raucous "noise of the ring," but as a set-off you have to wait a long time before you collect your money if you have been lucky enough to pick the winner.

Familiar Faces

I met many well-known English racing people on the course. Frank Hartigan had torn himself away from the anxieties of his big stable at Weyhill. With him was brother Hubert, with his arm apparently recovered from its recent smash. Mr. Bower Ismay, who won some good steeplechases in France when Tom Coulthwaite brought his horses to Chantilly, came over with the big muster from Monte Carlo. Several leading bookmakers, including the burly Ike White, were to be seen. The majority of the leading French steeplechase owners were present, including Mr. James Hennessy, who won the Grand National with Lutteur III. five years ago and hopes to repeat the trick with the same horse this season. I hear that Lutteur III. is now as good a horse as ever he was, and if you can find a bookmaker willing to lay you 20 to 1 against him winning the Great Liverpool event I should advise you to invest a trifle. Mr. Hennessy, by the way, has been lucky at the tables lately. As a souvenir of a successful visit to Monte this week he gave his trainer a big handful of 100-franc pieces for distribution among his stableboys.

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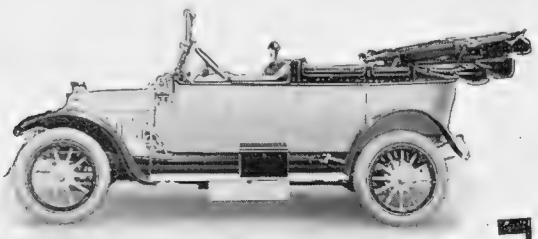

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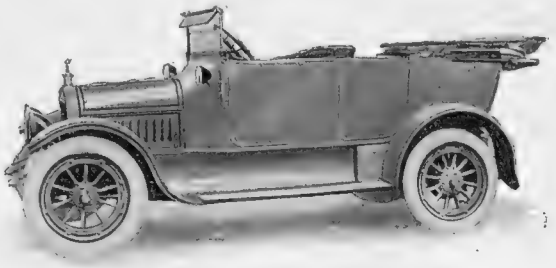

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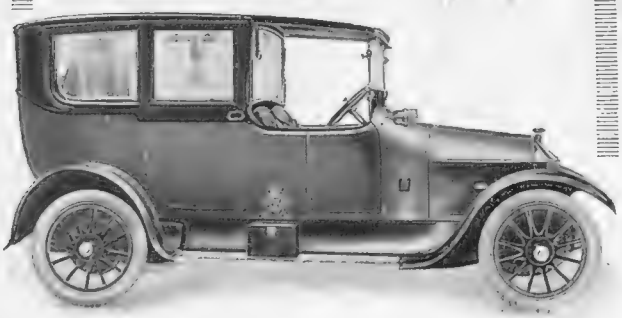
2 Models only.



Limousine, with body built in our own workshops in Brussels. Screen, Inside Electric Light, Horn, Speedometer, Clock, Spare Wheel and Tyre, and all accessories, including Complete Lighting Outfit, with, 5 Lamps, Inspection Lamp, and Luggage Grid.

Price, 15/20 h.p. £640
„ 20/30 h.p. £710

We shall be very pleased to send illustrated brochure, and to arrange trial runs.

Sole Concessionaires:
HANS MOTOR CO., LTD.,
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The Rover Company, Ltd.,
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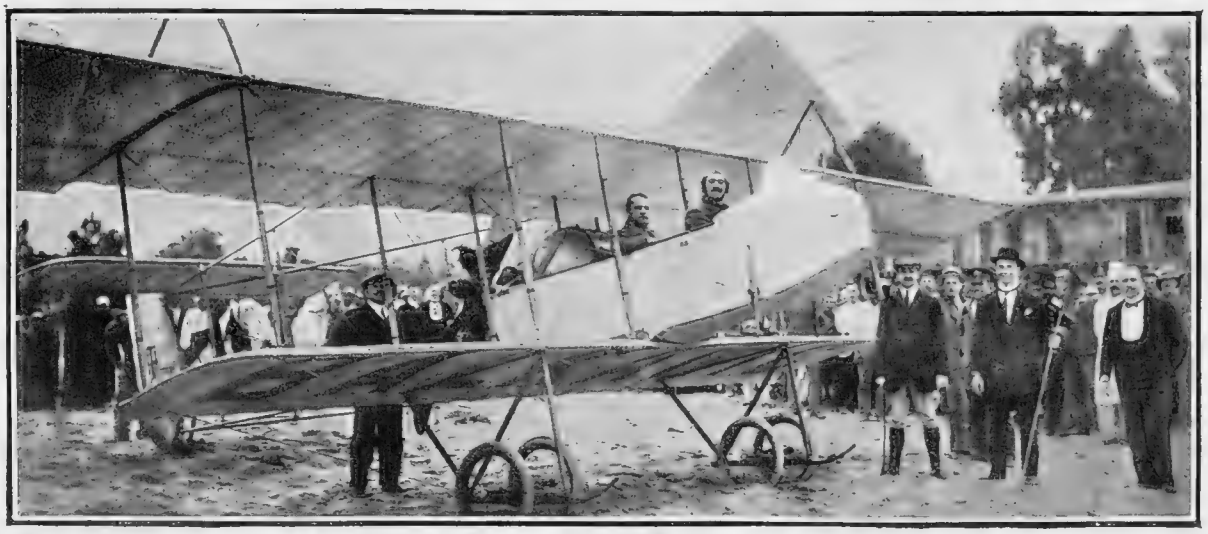


GERMANY TAKES A BACK SEAT FOR ONCE

The German Ambassador at Cairo, Dr. Freinerr von Richthofen, in M. Oliver's aeroplane. M. Oliver is taking part in the forthcoming flight across the African continent. As a passenger Dr. Von Richthofen sits slightly behind M. Oliver, who is a Frenchman

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Petrol Supply

As the *Motor* admits, the idea of the supply and storage of petrol in bulk is by no means new; but neither is anything else under the sun. That, however, is no reason why the obviously desirable should not again be emphasised. Several years ago I wrote upon this subject that the sooner we could dispose of the small tin as the only measure of petrol the sooner should we have a system of fuel supply fitting to the needs of the motorist's case. There is much to be said for the usual two-gallon can method. It is handy and convenient, and removes the necessity for a specially built tank on the premises of little petrol pedlars possessed of nothing save a roadside shed or shop and a plentiful lack of means. It is, on the whole, a quick mode of recharging a car on the run, and is something of a guarantee both of quantity and quality. Certainly it is infinitely better than the Continental method, where you are quite regularly robbed of two or three litres in an eighteen-litre tin and can never be sure about the quality at all.

SUNRISE AT STOCKIRMUIR

A sunrise picture that is not a sunset picture. "The Awakening" is, fitly enough, the name of the car illustrated. It is a Sheffield Simplex, used by the Warland Dual Rim Company to demonstrate their famous and popular quick-changing device

Continental Robbery

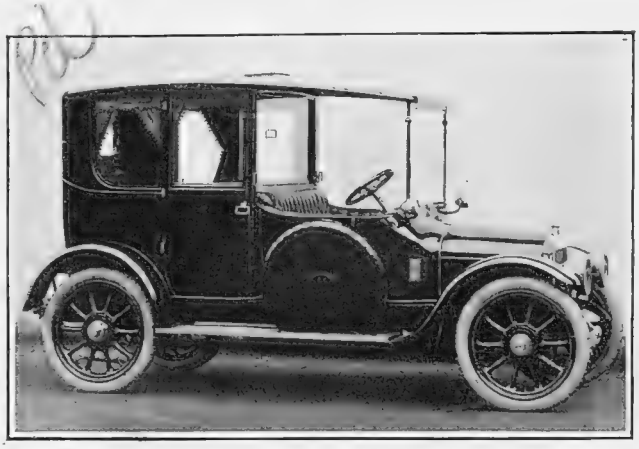
To appreciate the advantage of the two-gallon can system of the United Kingdom, you must tour abroad. To understand the extent of the robbery when you are abroad, you must carry a measure about with you, and tip the contents of your "automobiline" tin into your measure before putting it into the tank. If at the same time you strain it finely you will get a double shock. First, there will be the shock of the discovery of shortage. Second, there will be the shock of the discovery of an extraordinary bulk of foreign matter. The more you test both quantity and quality the more the wonder grows how Continental motorists get about at all. One has to be quite a rich person to run a car in France or Italy. The tax is heavier, the price of fuel is heavier (twice as much as here very often), and the quality of it is exceedingly poor by comparison. If that were the basis of comparison we are splendidly better off; but if America is the basis of comparison we are certainly outdated and much worse off. If we want the best, doubtless we shall not get it until we have both bulk storage in the retailers' and our own garages; and bulk delivery with an automatic check upon quantity.

Looking Ahead

To provide a subterranean tank to carry a sufficient reserve for all purposes, both in the retailers and at home, costs little, and removes the necessity for cans and sealing and all the inevitable incidental charges, delays, and irritations. A length of tube from the tank to the car with a gauge to measure quantity—that, of course, is the only rational, economical, and satisfactory way. I anticipate the

DELAHAYE—"The Car of Economical Upkeep." 12-16 h.p. Limousines and Landaulettes from £450 complete. Entire maintenance, including chauffeur, insurance, etc., undertaken for £175 per annum.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 9, Grafton St., Bond St., W.

time when there will be municipal tanks and columns along the highway where it will be possible to get a fill on the penny-in-the-slot system. In the present it would not be a bad scheme if the petrol companies erected a few test supply stations of the kind. It would be so much more for the municipality to buy out presently—when the vital national importance of road transport has at last been recognised. As it is, petrol being virtually a trustified industry, we only advocate reform in the matter of supply to the advantage of the Trust. All it amounts to under present circumstances, therefore, is that we are asking the Trust not to waste its money; which would be quite good if only we could share in the saving. There seems very little hope of that, anyway.



FOR TOWN WORK

A 10 h.p. Austin special "Clifton" limousine, which is, as its make implies, a very useful carriage

In Compression

Austins report (further to the announcement made concerning their great increase of show business) that the increase to date is well maintained, the figures working out at exactly 100 per cent. more than the volume of business over a similar period last year; and, notably enough, most of it, contrary to expectation in a light-car age, has been big-car sales. I should say that Austin experience makes about as excellent a barometer of the English trade as we can well have. Which means that there is nothing the matter with the market this year.

The artist is abroad in the advertising field, and every year our car catalogues improve in form and comeliness. Many of them are better worth keeping for the daintiness of their make-up and the instruction of their contents than quite a heap of the literature that lumbers the normal shelf. The latest Vauxhall catalogue is in point. It is a very fine production, and the motorist should apply for a copy. It is done by the new process on dull-surface paper, very grateful to the hand and the eye It sets a worthy example to the rest of the industry in that particular regard, and hurries the end of the glazed paper productions

It is announced that Mr. Anthony F. Wilding, Internationally famous as the Lawn Tennis Champion of the World, a keen motorist, and great all-round sportsman, has joined the Victor Tyre Company as Continental Director, and is now touring Europe, combining the business of the Victor Tyre Company with the sport of which he is the greatest exponent.

The greatest testimony to the efficiency of the KLAXON as a warning signal, is that over sixty car manufacturers have adopted it as part of their standard equipment.—THE KLAXON CO., LTD., 41, Great Portland Street, London, W.

ZIP.—A perfect puncture healer, guaranteed to cure punctures. Your money returned if Zip does not fulfil the functions of an ideal puncture stop.—Write or call on H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

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Universal Astronomical Telescope

With Solid Brass Body, 3in. Objective, Terrestrial and Astronomical Eyepieces magnifying 40 and 80 diameters, Sun Glass, Brass Pillar Stand, &c., &c.

Complete in Polished Wood Case,

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Write for Price List No. 13T. It will be sent post free.

H. WESTOBY, Esq. Guelph, Ontario, Canada, writes:

"The definition of the telescope (six inch) is excellent. I am much pleased, and proud of the instrument."

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THE C.A.V. SYSTEM OF CAR-LIGHTING

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BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

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A MANOR HOUSE. STANDING HIGH ON SAND SOIL.

IN A MUCH SOUGHT-AFTER NEIGHBOURHOOD.

2 MILES FROM STATION.

HANTS AND BERKS.—Unfurnished or Furnished, this charming RESIDENCE, approached by long carriage drive. Hall (18ft. 6in. by 16ft.), drawing room (30ft. 6in. by 19ft.), dining room (34ft. by 21ft.), smoking room (21ft. 6in. by 14ft.), 11 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.). Excellent stabling; cottage; Company's water and gas.

FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS,

with full-sized tennis and croquet lawns, shrubberies, kitchen garden, paddock, in all about 5½ acres.

RENT ONLY £223 PER ANNUM.

—Strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

FACING THE SEA WITH GROUNDS THERETO.

KENT COAST.

For SALE at a tempting figure, or would be LET, Furnished.

THIS CHARMING RESIDENCE is particularly well arranged, and rightly claims one of the finest positions on the coast.

EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE IS INSTALLED.
ELECTRIC LIGHT. RADIATORS. TELEPHONE.

3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices, with servants' hall. Pretty grounds laid out in flower and other gardens extending to the sea. Croquet lawn, etc.—Personally known to HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., from whom further details may be had.

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ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A FAVOURITE TOWN.

TO BE SOLD, this exceptionally well-appointed RESIDENCE, commanding lovely views, and having full Southern exposure, with verandahs. Saloon, drawing and dining rooms opening into each other by sliding doors, library, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 staircases.

COMPANY'S WATER. ELECTRIC LIGHT. GAS.
COMPLETE HEATING APPARATUS.
EXTREMELY WELL LAID-OUT GROUNDS,

with wide terraces and sloping lawns, capital tennis lawn (2 courts), productive kitchen gardens.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

NEAR FAMOUS GOLF LINKS.

ON HIGH GROUND. COMMANDING FINE VIEWS.

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FOR SALE, old-world COTTAGE, with delightful past day features, situate in an ideal position on the outskirts of a village, modernised and now in beautiful order throughout. 3 reception rooms, 7 or 10 bedrooms, complete domestic offices. 2 garages.

8 ACRES. PRICE ONLY £3,000.

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TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED

THIS WELL SITUATED RESIDENCE, occupying a sheltered position with Southern aspect. It contains: entrance hall (partly oak panelled), 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 4 attics, 2 bathrooms, usual domestic offices; electric light, Company's water; the House is in excellent order throughout; stabling for 5, garage, men's rooms, etc.; grounds, including lawns, herbaceous borders, shrubbery, walled kitchen garden, rockeries and paddock, in all about 8 acres.—For further particulars, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,417)

ABOUT 10 MILES NORTH-WEST OF LONDON.
QUITE CLOSE TO GOOD GOLF COURSE.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built and conveniently planned RESIDENCE, standing in very pretty gardens. Accommodation: hall, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; Company's gas and water; main drainage; telephone; stabling and garage. The gardens include both tennis and croquet lawns, good kitchen garden, in all about 1¾ acres; more land can be arranged for if required.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (7,401)

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TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

WEST SUSSEX.—This picturesque RESIDENCE, situated in the midst of beautiful country. It contains: entrance hall, study or smoking room, dining room with alcove, drawing room, library and morning room, domestic offices; on the first floor, 6 principal bedrooms; in the servants' wing are 6 servants' bedrooms; on the second floor 5 attic bedrooms; new baths will be installed and other improvements made; stabling for 6, 2 coach-houses or garages, groom's rooms; farm buildings, 4 cottages; very extensive pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, shrubberies and meadowland, in all about 34 acres.—For further particulars apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,290)

ONE HOUR FROM LONDON.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

BUCKS (1 hour from London within 3 miles of railway station).—This extremely attractive and picturesque ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE, well sheltered, on gravel subsoil. It is approached by a short carriage drive, and contains: entrance hall (28ft. by 14ft.), large dining and drawing rooms, ante-room, study and billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 6, coachhouse, motor house, 2 cottages, laundry, etc.; acetylene gas and central heating. The grounds extend to about 5 acres and include flower garden, 2 tennis lawns, walled kitchen garden, lawn sloping to the river, boathouse, 2 glasshouses. Good golf links within 3 miles. Hunting.—For further particulars apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20 Hanover Square, W. (6,992)

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Adjoining a lovely common with golf links; about 4 miles from Guildford; under an hour from London.

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PERFECT OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE,

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THE IDEAL AND BEAUTIFUL GARDENS

of nearly 5 acres are superbly timbered; there are tennis and croquet lawns, sunk rose garden, herbaceous borders, paved terrace, woodland walks, kitchen garden, etc.; garage, stabling; main water; heating by radiators; telephone.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W. Inspected and highly recommended.

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In a sporting and perfectly rural district. About 1 hour from London by fast trains.

FOR SALE OR TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED. —One of the finest old HOUSES of its size in the county full of characteristic features.

BEAUTIFUL OLD OAK STAIRCASE. MASSIVE OAK BEAMS AND RAFTERS. OPEN FIREPLACES. MULLIONED WINDOWS.

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A GENUINE OLD JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE

with all its characteristic features preserved yet in perfect order and with all modern requirements such as electric light, central heating and modern sanitation. **Great hall superbly panelled in old oak.** 4 fine reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good domestic offices; stabling, garage; 3 cottages.

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Forecourt, terraces, formal garden, bowling alley, rose garden, lime walk, walled kitchen garden, orchard and well timbered park.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil. Inspected and recommended.

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(TWO-THIRDS CAN REMAIN ON MORTGAGE AT 4 PER CENT)

IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF SURREY.

UNQUESTIONABLY, FOR ITS SIZE, THE MOST CHARMING PROPERTY WHICH HAS BEEN IN THE MARKET FOR SOME YEARS.

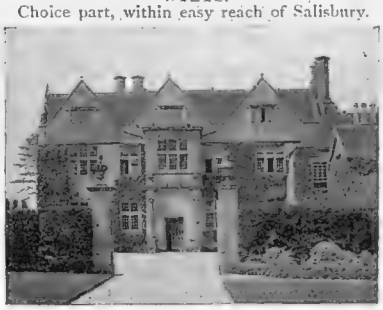
Standing in the midst of ideal gardens, pine woods, bracken and heather land, etc., and practically surrounded by a famous Common.

UNIQUE AND WELL-PLANNED HOUSE,

containing 10 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, suite of halls and reception rooms, capital offices, etc. Excellent stabling and garage, gardener's cottage, range of glass, fives court, etc. SUPERB GARDENS and grounds replete with endless variety There are fine lawns for croquet and tennis; flower, rock and rose gardens in profusion; random stone-flagged walks, shaped yew hedges, very fine brick-built pergola; vegetable and fruit gardens, whilst bordering *the streams which intersect the Property* are many varieties of water-loving plants. There are other attractive features too numerous to mention, and, in fact, it is impossible to realise its manifold beauties without inspecting the Property. *Total area 29 acres.* Sand soil.—*Illustrated particulars can be obtained from the Sole Agents*, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

WILTS.

Choice part, within easy reach of Salisbury.



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with beautiful gardens and park. The House is handsomely furnished and contains: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 3 bathrooms, 21 bed and dressing rooms, and complete offices; electric light, radiators; stabling, garage, etc.

2,600 ACRES SHOOTING. 3 MILES TROUT FISHING.

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BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 50 ACRES.

TYPICAL DECORATIVE FEATURES

of the sixteenth century are included in this wonderful old House, and it contains about a dozen bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, noble hall, 3-4 reception rooms, etc. Whilst retaining its ancient features *every possible convenience has been cleverly installed.*—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

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"THE NOOK," WOKING (within 10 minutes of station and 35 minutes from London).—An attractive Freehold RESIDENCE, standing in

CHARMING GROUNDS OF 1½ ACRES.

Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, boxroom, etc.

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HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above by AUCTION on FEBRUARY 17, 1914 (unless previously disposed of by private treaty).

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EAST ANGLIA (within a few miles of Newmarket). — A compact RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 210 ACRES, with moderate-sized Mansion, of pleasing architecture: lounge hall, 5 reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, bathrooms; excellent STABLING FOR 25 HORSES; FARMERY, lodge, bungalow, and several cottages.

LOVELY, WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS

a special feature of the property, including LARGE FRENCH GARDEN WITH EVERY APPLIANCE, and from which an income of £600-£800 per annum can be made. Over £40,000 has been spent on the estate.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO LET, FURNISHED.

DINARD.—£160 FOR SEASON.—A singularly attractive and beautifully furnished and appointed CHALET, situate in a fashionable quarter, 1 minute from Casino, English Club, and the bay; close proximity to the famous S. Briac Golf Courses and adjacent shooting grounds, tennis, croquet, etc.; equipped with all up-to-date improvements, including central heating, electric light, 'phone, gas, town water, etc; accommodation comprising 8 light and airy bedrooms, 2 bathrooms (with spray and h. and c. lavatory basins), elegant drawing room, handsome dining room, replete offices; beautiful and well kept shady gardens entirely surrounding the Chalet and containing about 500 rose trees.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Sole London Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 50 ACRES,

comprising a fine old Mansion, containing: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; ample stabling, farmery, 2 cottages; fishing, shooting, hunting obtainable. — Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HANTS (near Winchester).—To be SOLD, an attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, situated in one of the prettiest parts of Hants, containing: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms; motor-house, 2 cottages.

PRETTY PLEASURE GROUNDS,

with tennis lawn, flower garden, kitchen garden, greenhouses and paddock, in all

ABOUT 4½ ACRES.

PRICE, ONLY £3,500.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

3 MILES (BOTH BANKS) TROUT FISHING.

1,700 acres Shooting (bag 3,800 head).

IN A BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT, 550ft. above sea, commanding lovely views.—To LET, a fine black and white and stone-built MANSION: 20 bed, 3 reception, billiard room, 2 bath. Every convenience and comfort. Electric light; stabling, garage, lodge, cottages and 30 ACRES; gardens, grounds, and park. Rent, £450 p.a. and small premium. — Strongly recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, from whom full details can be had. (16,593)

"THE FARM COTTAGE," BEACONSFIELD.—Beautiful old RESIDENCE, fitted electric light and radiators: 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms, lounge and outer halls, well-equipped offices; stables and garage: singularly attractive GARDENS OF 4 ACRES, full-sized tennis lawn, and paddock. HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL by AUCTION in March next (unless previously disposed of by private treaty).

PRICE, £5,500.
UNSOLD AT RECENT AUCTION.

SUSSEX, BUXTED.—"THE HERMITAGE," an interesting and historic PROPERTY, with 3 reception, 6 bed, bathroom; stabling, farmery, lodge, cottage.

LOVELY PLEASURE GROUNDS, WITH UNIQUE ROCKS,

and land of 28 ACRES.—Recommended as a bargain by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

UNSOLD AT RECENT AUCTION.
PRICE, £3,500.

KENT (between Ashford and Folkestone, 300ft. above sea level).—An old ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard room, 9 bed and dressing rooms; stabling, cottage.

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS AND LAND OF 24½ ACRES.

—Recommended as a bargain by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

IN THE LOVELY DORKING DISTRICT. IN A QUAINT VILLAGE *and a rural spot—yet only 22 miles from London.*—To LET, Unfurnished, an attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, recently modernised and redecorated: 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall, bath, and full offices; stabling 4; detached billiard room; coach-house for 6, cottage for man.

LOVELY GROUNDS OF ABOUT 4 ACRES.

Rent, £300 p.a., or might be Sold.—Full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (16,597)

"WEST HILL" OXTED.
SUITABLE FOR OCCUPATION AND FOR INVESTMENT.

SURREY HILLS (45 minutes from Town, 10 minutes from station).—A fine commodious FAMILY RESIDENCE: 14 bed and dressing, 3 reception, bath; stabling, garage, 3 rooms.

NICELY TIMBERED GARDENS OF NEARLY 2 ACRES.

Also 2 ACRES OF VALUABLE BUILDING LAND, with good frontages, and on which is an old-fashioned Cottage. For SALE, privately or by Auction, on February 17 next, by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

IMMENSE SACRIFICE FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

GUILDFORD (near).—A TRULY CHARMING ESTATE, which could not fail to appeal to the tastes of the most fastidious; lounge hall, 3 handsome reception, full-sized billiard, 2 bath, 11 bedrooms.

EXQUISITE PLEASURE GROUNDS AND BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED PARK, 21 ACRES,

including a PRETTY LAKE of 7 ACRES. Stabling, motor garage; 2 superior cottages; electric light, main water, telephone.

FREEHOLD £8,500.

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FOR SALE AT ONE HALF COST OF RECENT IMPROVEMENTS ALONE.

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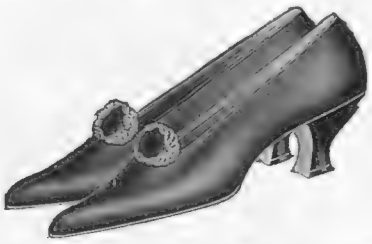

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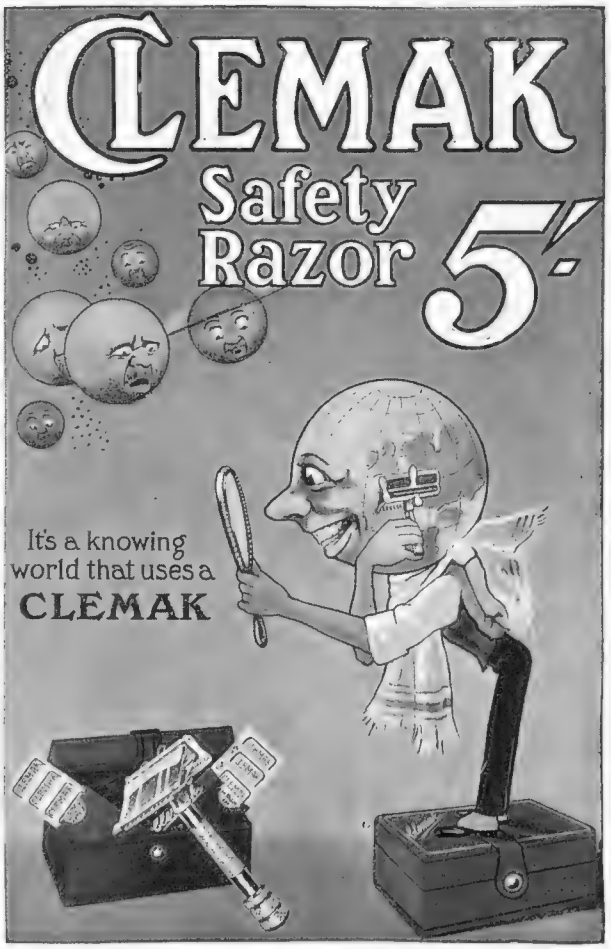

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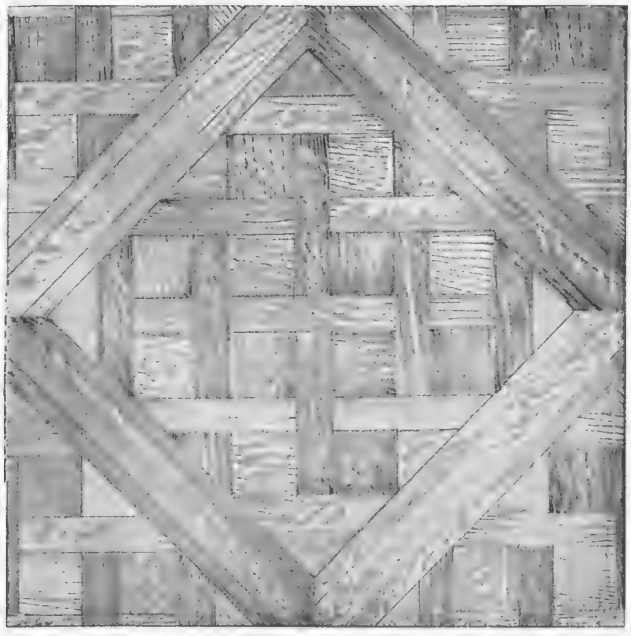

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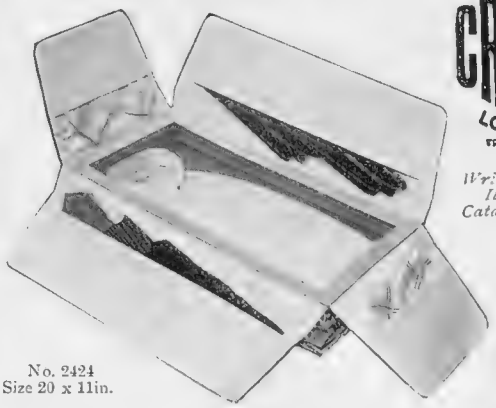

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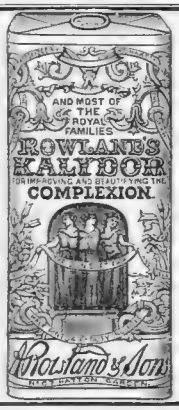

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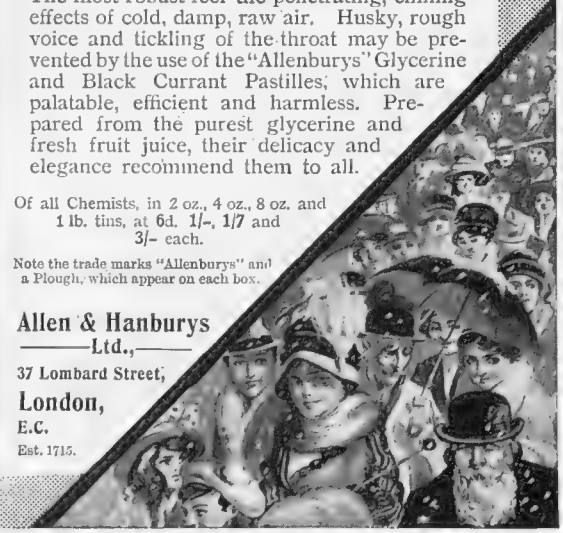

Home-made Beauty Helps and Money-saving Recipes.

By RITA MOYA.

RITA MOYA.
The Celebrated Comedy Actress.

It is quite impossible for me to give advice in these columns regarding the merits of various preparations on the market. In general, my advice to women who wish to retain, or regain, their youthful appearance is to avoid the many unreliable cheap made-up preparations. Nature provides many simple "beautifiers" and the best results are obtained from their use. You must not be disappointed if you experience a little trouble in obtaining some of the ingredients mentioned below. They can all be obtained, however, from any reliable chemist, and even if he does not happen to have them in stock he will gladly obtain them for you at a few hours' notice, if you insist—and you should insist. The smart dainty woman of to-day likes to know what she is using.

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The usual hair removers on the market are not at all satisfactory. I have used the following preparation, and it is really wonderful in its action, destroying hair completely in a few moments. Many women have merely a down on the arms and face and imagine they do not need a hair remover. They hardly realise what a wonderful difference there would be in their appearance if this down, even light as it may be, were removed. Get at any good chemist an ounce of pure powdered pheminol. Mix a little of it into a paste with water and apply to the hair growths. Wash off after two minutes and the hairs will have entirely disappeared. A little non-greasy face cream can then be applied with advantage.

Powder not Necessary.

Few women know that it is possible to give the complexion a delightfully smooth, velvety appearance in a few moments by the application of ordinary cleminite. If you have no cleminite in the house get about an ounce from your chemist and dissolve it in four tablespoonfuls of cold water. This lotion applied to the face, neck or arms, with the finger tips, immediately gives that peach-like bloom so much admired; powder is not necessary, and the result lasts all day long. For an evening in a hot ball-room this receipt is unrivalled. You will not get that greasy shiny look so often seen after a little exertion.

Natural Wavy Hair.

Your hair will regain its rich lustre, and fluffy appearance, if cleansed occasionally with a mild shampoo. The very best thing I know of for this purpose is plain stallax, a teaspoonful of which dissolved in a cup of hot water is sufficient for the thickest growth of hair. Pure stallax, however, seems rather expensive as it is only sold in the original packages which cost half-a-crown. This quantity, however, is sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos, so it really is most economical in the long run. Dry, irritating or profusely oily scalps are soon put in a healthy condition, and dull, brittle hair grows bright and even in colour, and will be ever so soft and fluffy.

Hair Culture.

There is no excuse for falling hair; no excuse for thin, sick hair, or bald spots. No beauty of features can make up for a distressing lack of hair growth and the formula which I purpose giving you will positively force the hair to grow. Mix about an ounce of boranium in ¼-pint of bay rum, shake the bottle well and allow it to stand for half an hour, then add ¼-pint of fresh cold water and strain. Rub well into the scalp, and in two weeks' time look for the new growth, you will not require a microscope to see it.

To Renew Complexions without Cosmetics.

If the excessive user of cosmetics only knew the impression her artificiality really makes upon others, she would quickly seek the means of gaining a natural complexion. Let her acquire the mercolised wax habit, discarding make-up entirely, and she will soon have the kind of complexion that women envy, and men admire. It is so easy to get a little mercolised wax from the chemist and use it nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the morning. Gradually the lifeless, soiled outer cuticle peels off in tiny invisible flakes, and in a week or so you have a brand new complexion, clear, soft, velvety, and of girlish colour and texture. The treatment is so simple, harmless, and marvellously effective, the wonder is that every woman whose skin is withered and discoloured has not already adopted it.

A Spirit of Discontent

THAT there is a growing spirit of discontent, not only here, but also in Paris, over the growing eccentricities of dress is made more apparent every day. Even those who are in close intimate touch with the *ateliers* responsible for these extravagances are marvelling greatly over their passive acceptance at the hands of the would-be ultra-*élégante*. It speaks volumes for the good looks prevailing to-day that the majority of faces are able to withstand at all some of the truly hideous hats that are being foisted on to us by milliners, who, if they were not milliners, would probably be Post-Impressionists.

Ecclesiastical Inspirations

There is one simply hideous model that has, nevertheless, found approval in the guise of a black velvet *toque*, the low crown of which is completely concealed by an extremely deep brim that turns up directly from the face, and so leaves a hard line all round the head, while just at one side the front there will be, perhaps, a slight curve downward of the upper part. In its every expression, however, this recalls the biretta worn by priests. And now there is that remarkable cope collar. Of course, those who know anything at all about fashions are well aware that this adjunct has been struggling for recognition for over a year. As a collar it is sufficiently ecclesiastical enough in appearance, but it becomes considerably more so when, as frequently happens, it developes into a sort of cape or *capuchin*, the roll over at the top standing away from the neck, and developing into a regular poke out at the back. I have in mind as I write a wonderful white velvet *manteau*, designed for evening wear, trimmed with gold lace and skunk, and which was certainly rendered distinctive enough with its great cope cape of white velvet.

Loose Styles

From several advance coat models, effected in velvet corduroy and *moiré*, it is clearly designed to continue the extremely loose, floppy—perchance some will say sloppy—styles. Indeed, that the voluminous appearance at the top to below the hips may be fully maintained, some of these coats on investigation prove to have regular little pannier movements on either side under the arms, in addition to an extremely free cut sleeve. Then there is another style with the body or upper part cut very straight, and terminating just below the hips with a sweeping upward line in front, which is continued to quite an appreciable depth by a shaped *volant*. This style of coat rather carries a reminiscence of 1860 vogues, and is, of a fact, rather elderly in appearance. But when you come to the revival of periods, then of a truth lies confusion. In all history of dress, the present is, surely, the most eclectic ever experienced.

A TYPICAL SPORTS COSTUME

Carried out in a warm fleecy blanket-cloth in any bright colour and a skirt of serge in tone. The throat is intentionally left free, but the collar can be rolled up after exercise

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

The Value of Individual Inspirations

Although I have the very greatest liking for my Paris, and a sincere admiration for the Frenchwoman who loves and has a real feeling for clothes, I cannot fail to see, nor am I desirous of doing so, that we have artists in our midst who are fully capable of taking their stand with their French *confrères*. And of these is "Anne," 9, Old Bond Street.

Now I want to introduce "Anne" to your notice in a quite impartial spirit, although I happen to know something rather intimate of her capabilities. Initially she is an artist, alike in the understanding of *ligne* and colouring. Nor does she, furthermore, bow down in any stupid, indifferent fashion before the dictates of *La Mode*. She visits Paris to assimilate what is going on in that very live centre of dress, and, incidentally, buys certain models that appeal to her fastidious eye. For the rest she relies on her own inherent judgment and good taste, and just precisely what these are capable of expressing only a personal visit to 9, Old Bond Street, can properly demonstrate.

A Sale

At the moment "Anne" is holding a sale, just a quiet clearance of model gowns, *manteaux*, millinery, together with the very prettiest and most original matinées, boudoir caps, and the like to be found anywhere. Everything is made on the premises, too, where "Anne" holds the strictest supervision. This fact will not fail to make a very direct appeal to women who have that very justifiable prejudice for wearing clothes that have emanated from clean, hygienic environments. I should dearly like to describe some of the gowns that have been on view in these *salons* during the past month or so, but seeing that the sale is already in progress it would scarcely be safe to single out any one model for description.

However, at the back of this event preparations are being made for the early spring season, and orders have been, and are being, daily executed for the Riviera. Only to learn about these, it is necessary to go and have a chat with "Anne" herself.

The Latest About Sports Garments

In various quarters there is to be remarked an attitude for filling in the momentary dull season at home with novelties for sports wear. Rather loud-patterned checks are being shown for skirts, and are really quite pleasing and possible in black and white. Then there are some special tweeds, rather loosely woven more after the character of homespuns that are run through a range of sensational colours. Nor does variety end at the fabrics, since the fashioning of these skirts is extremely clever. Some are mounted on to deep fancy yoke pieces, while others show the fronts laid in flat inverted box pleats, stitched down to within a short distance of the hem; while in one or two instances I have remarked the presence of a sash end carried out in the same material as the skirt. Another decorative touch is provided in large self-coloured composition buttons, or self-covered buttons, a particularly favourite finish to the back of a skirt being a strap passed through a buckle made of the cloth.

How to Become Graceful.

A PRETTY CHIN.

HAVE you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to **ELVIRA**, or call at **4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W.**, when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and harmless method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight.

Madame Elvira, who for many years has so successfully treated her clients, is at this moment a welcome benefactress to those suffering from an excess of flesh. Working with the approval of the Medical profession, she has scored hundreds of successes. Her wonderful method will reduce the most overwhelming amount of flesh. Her treatment for double chin strengthens the muscles of the face and removes the ugly droop at the corner of the mouth, which is inevitable when the contractile tissues have lost their firmness. Remember that Madame Elvira guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of Youth. Ladies suffering from Eczema, blotchy skins, or indeed any other skin trouble, should place themselves in her hands.

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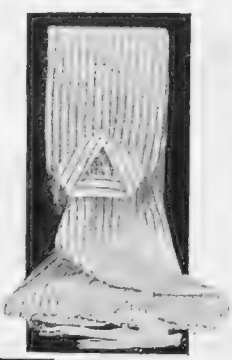

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WRINKLES

IF YOU HAVE THEM, TRY THIS READER'S ADVICE.

By following directions given below, any woman can easily banish wrinkles for ever by tightening the loose skin and filling up indentations or creases in flesh beneath the wrinkles.

To Readers of the BYSTANDER.

It was nearly three years ago that a famous Parisian specialist discovered and perfected the wonderful process whereby it is possible to stimulate the growth of new flesh beneath the skin, and thus fill out hollows in the face and neck, enlarge the bust, tighten sagging skin, and perform other equally amazing feats of dermitological skill. This eminent specialist's fees, however, are so high as to be absolutely prohibitive to any but the very wealthy. It will, therefore, interest any woman readers of THE BYSTANDER who may be afflicted with wrinkles to learn that the flesh-forming process above referred to is a secret no longer, and, moreover, it is so extremely simple as not to require professional skill in application. In fact, any woman can now use it at home with the same marvellous results that the specialist himself obtains.

I found that just as the process builds up new flesh in a sunken part of the neck or shoulders, it need only be somewhat modified in order to likewise fill up the indentation or crease beneath a wrinkle, so that the tightened skin is thereby provided with a smooth, even cushion of flesh upon which to rest without line or wrinkle. This is the only manner in which wrinkles can be permanently removed, for a loose skin is sure to wrinkle on the face, just as a stretched glove will wrinkle on the hand, and the depression in flesh beneath the wrinkle must be raised to the level of the surrounding flesh, if the crease is not to form again. Of course a treatment capable of stimulating the growth of several ounces of firm, healthy flesh on the neck or shoulders had to be modified and changed considerably to suit it for removing wrinkles, but within twenty-four hours of the time I first used the process all light lines had vanished, two very deep and sharply defined wrinkles in my cheeks had become only gently rounded indentations, and within three days even these slight depressions had entirely disappeared, never to return from that day to this, seven months later.

The method I used can be prepared and applied by any woman in the strict privacy of her own boudoir, and while extremely simple and harmless, it is based upon an entirely new principle. It does not involve the use of plasters, apparatus, appliances, caustic lotions, cold creams, prescriptions, injections under skin, massage, or any means hitherto employed for the purpose, and a few weeks ago I had printed for the benefit of my friends, who frequently inquired about the process, a small pamphlet giving necessary particulars regarding the method, its preparations and use. I still have a few hundred of these pamphlets which I am willing to distribute, while they last, among any readers sufficiently interested to write me, enclosing penny stamp for the return postage. There is no charge or obligation, but only one copy can be sent to each applicant.

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The Menu: Fish Réchauffé

THE utilising of fish left over from one meal to another is a valuable art in any household. All sorts of odds and ends of fish, even of the cheapest quality, may be used for savoury dishes with the addition of good seasoning, a few chives, a shallot, and an oyster or two. With a réchauffé, the cook must be careful how she shapes the fish balls, cutlets, etc., and garnishing is, of course, important. The following recipe is one that is usually appreciated, and instead of placing all the fish in one mould, it can be placed in the little coloured china-ware dishes, which look so attractive, and are particularly suitable for a luncheon dish.

A Fish Mould (made with Cooked Fish)

Take ¾ lb. of cooked fish, free from skin and bone, mince it, and pound it with 2 oz. of breadcrumbs soaked in boiling milk, and enough butter to work it well together. Season with pepper and salt, stir in two well-beaten eggs and a gill of white sauce. Fill a buttered mould or small ones if preferred, and steam for three-quarters of an hour. Turn out and serve with sauce poured round.

Fish Croquettes

Take all the skin and bones from ½ lb. of cooked fish, and break it up into small pieces. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a saucepan, add 1 oz. of flour, and gradually one gill of milk. Stir until it boils and thickens, so that it leaves the sides of the saucepan. Add the fish and seasoning of salt, pepper, and a pinch of mace, turn out on to a plate, and leave till cold. Divide the mixture equally and make into croquettes. Dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Do not allow the croquettes to touch. Dry on kitchen paper in front of the fire, and serve very hot.

Curried Fish

The following ingredients will be required: ½ lb. of any cooked fish freed from skin and bone, 2 oz. each of butter and flour, three hard-boiled eggs, two teaspoonfuls each of curry powder and chutney, 3 oz. of boiled rice, and rather more than half a pint of milk. The butter must first be melted in a stewpan, then stir the flour smoothly into it, and add the curry powder and chutney. Next add the milk, and stir the sauce well over the fire until it boils and thickens. Add the fish, flaked small, and the eggs cut in slices. When the mixture is quite hot in the sauce, serve on a hot dish with a border of Patna rice that has been boiled *exactly* fifteen minutes.

Rice and Fish Toast

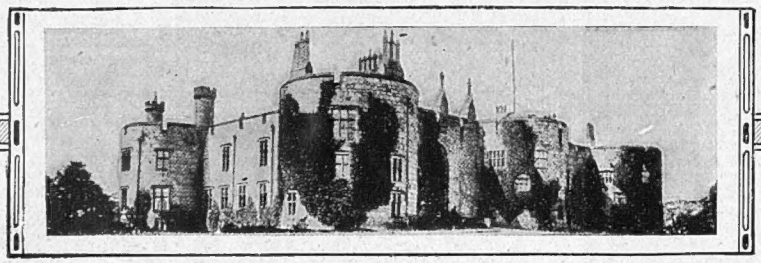
Fry an onion finely sliced in butter with a few shrimps or small pieces of lobster, if at hand, stir into it one dessertspoonful of mustard. When thoroughly hot, add a teacupful of rice, previously boiled and dried, and one tablespoonful of grated Parmesan or Cheddar cheese. Stir, and serve very hot on rounds of buttered toast or fried croûtons. This makes a very nice savoury.

Mayonnaise of Turbot

Make some mayonnaise sauce, and add to it some aspic jelly. Take some neat pieces of cold boiled turbot or sole, as nearly the same size and shape as possible, coat them with the mayonnaise sauce, leave until the sauce has set, and then arrange them neatly in a dish on a bed of salad. Decorate with a little chopped parsley and sieved yolk of egg. Suitable for a supper-dish.

Fish and Tomato Pie

Take any remains of fish, flake it, remove all skin and bone, and mix it with some white sauce. Butter a pie-dish, place a layer of the fish in it, next a layer of bread-crumbs, then a layer of tomatoes cut in slices, with a very little finely chopped onion, then more fish until the dish is full. The top layer should be of breadcrumbs, and on this place small pieces of butter. Bake until the bread-crumbs at the top are of a golden colour. EMILIA



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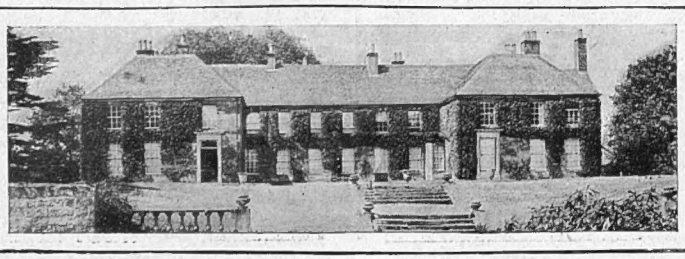

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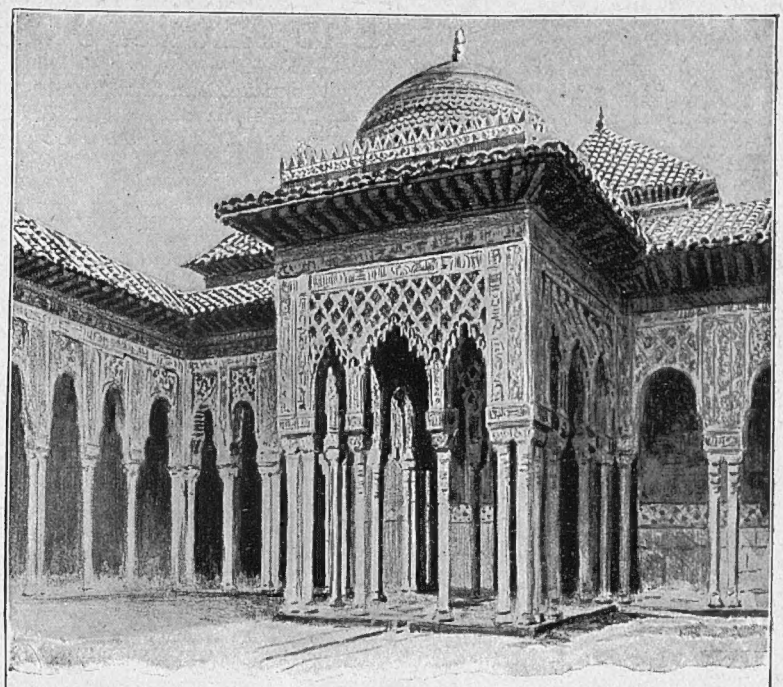

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The Editor's Box

At Regal House

A whole day may be both profitably and pleasantly spent at Messrs. Boots' chief London Branch, Regal House, Regent Street, W., where in addition to the toilet and perfume articles in which this firm specialise, one may see the latest and most useful ideas in silver-ware, fancy and leather goods. In the perfume department there are scents of every description, together with skin foods, creams, bath salts, soaps, powders, etc. Real Devonshire violets, an exclusive production, is a perfume giving the true odour of a fresh growing bed of violets. It is the favourite scent of many well-known Society ladies, and may be obtained in dainty bottles at 2*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, and 6*s.* 6*d.* Hair brushes mounted in ivory, ebony, satin-wood, or tortoiseshell, and silver and leather goods in endless variety are also to be seen at Regal House.

Scientific Beauty Culture

The majority of the people engaged in the practice of beauty culture at the present day confine their activities to the sale of special preparations—face creams, skin foods, and the like. Although such preparations for outward application are all very well in their way, they can do little to remedy actual facial defects such as hollow cheeks, wrinkles, and other unsightly face lines, deformed noses, etc. To deal with these imperfections recourse must be had to direct treatment by a scientific person who has made this matter his special study in different parts of the world. Such a man is Mr. C. H. Willi, whose consulting room is at 475, Oxford Street.

Scottish Widows' Fund

The directors of this society report that the new life business for 1913 is over £3,000,000 after deducting re-assurances. This exceeds the amount for last year by half a million, and is the largest new business transacted by the society in any single year. This is the sixth consecutive year in which a new record has been established by the society, which celebrates its centenary within a few months.

Complexion Specialities

Any preparation for the skin should be absolutely pure and harmless; great care should, therefore, be taken in ascertaining that it is reliable and safe to use. The skin food prepared by Mr. M. F. Thompson, 17, Gordon Street, Glasgow, is quite free from injurious ingredients, and is a thorough cleanser of the pores of the skin; at the same time it softens and beautifies the surface. It should be applied daily, with gentle massage; if persevered with, it will in time nourish the skin and render it soft and velvety in appearance. Mr. Thompson calls it the Ideal Skin Food Complexion Wax, and it is sold in pots at 2*s.*, postage 2*d.*; four pots 7*s.*, postage 3*d.* To prevent the hands from chapping and to make them smooth and white, use Mr. Thompson's Royal Kalydor Balm, 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*, postage 3*d.*

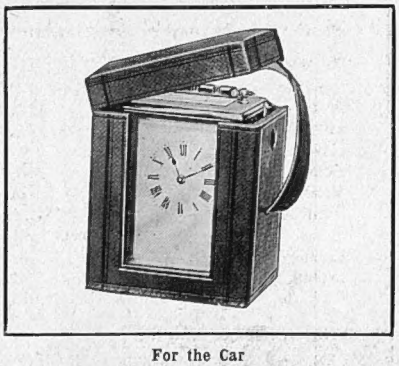
Colds

In spite of all ordinary care, people whose livelihood depends upon voice-soundness have to take precautions to avoid the risk of disappointment to the public, and it is interesting to know that Mr. Ben Davies, Miss Vesta Tilley, Mr. Martin Harvey, Miss Ellaline Terriss, and a large number of celebrities in the world of to-day

A Dainty Perfume Bottle

Of silver and cut glass, priced at 21*s.*, to be obtained at Messrs. Boots, Regal House, Regent Street, W.

have admitted that "Throatlets" help them to retain voice-soundness under all conditions. "Throatlets" are sold by chemists at 1*s.* 1½*d.* per box, and resemble other pastilles in appearance, but they are compounded with a definite proportion of thoralin to each pastille, and this is what makes them so efficacious in sore throat and hoarseness as well as chronic forms of



For the Car

A useful carriage clock in a leather case. Price 15*s.* 6*d.* at Messrs. Boots

asthma, catarrh, and bronchitis. Thoralin is purely vegetable; it kills throat germs surely and soothes and heals all irritation of the throat and breathing passages. Any reader who meets difficulty in securing the genuine "Throatlets" will be supplied direct by Throatlets, Ltd., West India House (N), Liverpool.

A Great Sale

Messrs. Samuel's great stocktaking sale commenced on the 1st of the present month, and still continues to attract large numbers of people in search of bargains to 65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C. There are genuine reductions in all departments of this great house, including many in gentlemen's, ladies', boys', and girls' winter and spring overcoats, raincoats, suits, costumes, hosiery, underwear, travelling requisites, motor clothing, and accessories, boots and shoes, hats and caps, and many other things.

Sanitas Disinfectants

A few weeks ago we dealt with the Sanitas Powder and Fluid the best disinfectants that can be produced. Apart from these the Sanitas Company manufacture Sanitas Spray Producer, specially designed for the purpose of distributing Sanitas Disinfectant Fluid, and it is made to fit the 1*s.* bottles. These are invaluable for purifying the air in sick rooms, ordinary dwelling or bedrooms. A delightful preparation is the "Sanitas" Bathol. It is refreshing, stimulating, and antiseptic, and provides the simplest and most effective way of preparing a pine bath. Another preparation is "Sanitas" Bath Salts, which are healthful, fragrant, stimulating, soften the water, and prevent colds, rheumatism and gout.

Técla, Ltd.

The half-yearly dividend warrants at the rate of 7 per cent. on the preference shares of Técla, Ltd., have been posted.

What Junora Is

Junora is a delicate dry wine, combined with appetising herbs, fruit extracts, and the organic glycerophosphates of Lecithin-ovo, and containing about the same amount of alcohol as burgundy. Alcohol is the only suitable solvent for Lecithin; Junora is, therefore, the ideal medium for the exhibition of this organic glycero-phosphate. The therapeutic importance of Lecithin—and more especially its value as a metabolic stimulus—have been repeatedly emphasised both from the point of view of the laboratory worker and from that of the clinician. Mott has described it as indispensable to the constructive metabolism of the red corpuscles; and its power to increase the number of the red corpuscles, the white corpuscles, and the hæmoglobin percentage has of late been conclusively demonstrated by the series of experimental tests described in the *Lancet* for April 6, 1912. The long experience of the proprietors of Junora, Humphrey Taylor and Co., of 45, New Oxford Street, W.C., dates back to the early days of George III.

"Nuts and Wine"

As the latest revue, "Nuts and Wine," opens with a realistic reproduction of the Fourth of June festivities at Eton, the Directors of the Empire request their patrons to be seated on the rise of the curtain at 8.30. The first half of the revue concludes with a sensational scene aboard a yacht.